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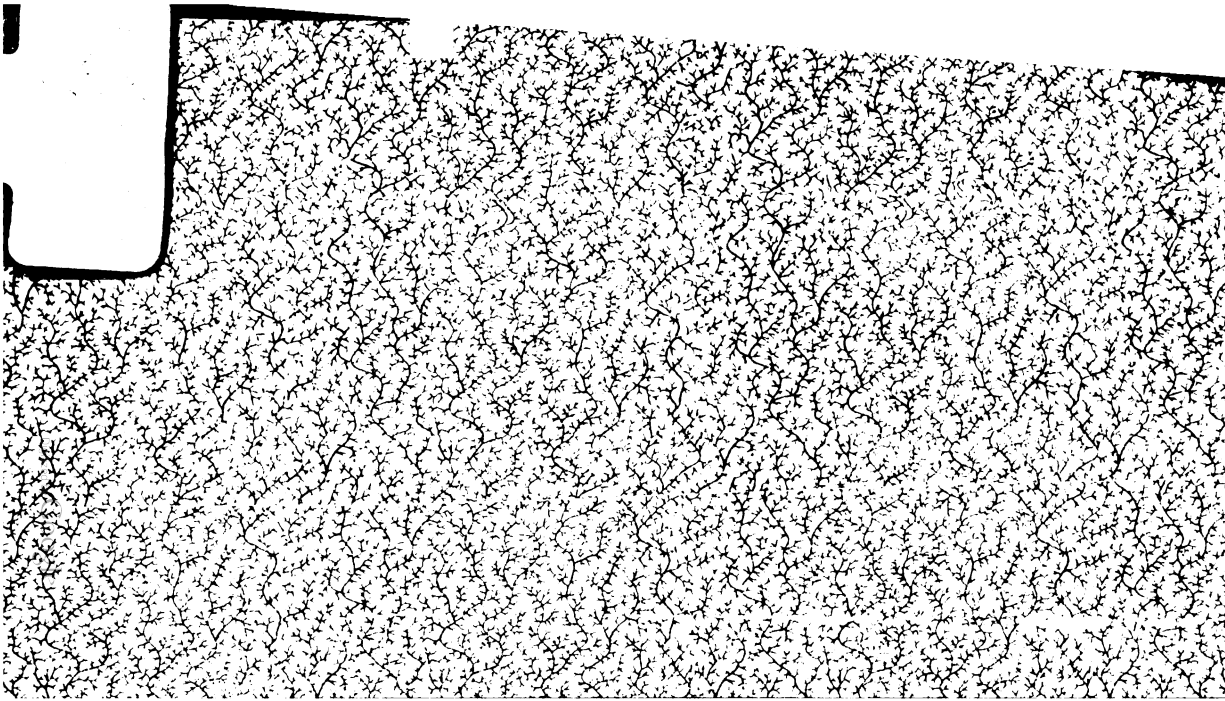

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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEAR,

From Mr. *POPE*'s EDITION.

VOLUME the NINTH.

CONTAINING,

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.
ROMEO *and* JULIET.
HAMLET.
OTHELLO.

NEW YORK PUBLIC

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed and sold by ROBERT MARTIN; and by R. GOADBY, in *Sherborne*; M. MORGAN in *Lichfield*; T. SMITH in *Wolverhampton*; A. DONALDSON in *London*; R. BOND in *Gloceſter*, and by all Country Bookſellers.

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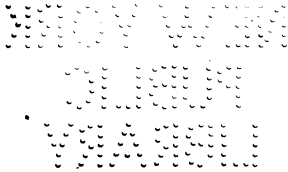

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PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, *there lies the ſcene : from Iſles of* Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens *ſent their ſhips,*
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their Crownets regal, from th' Athenian *bay*
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their vow is made*
To ranſack Troy ; *within whoſe ſtrong Immures,*
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *ſleeps ; and That's the Quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come*——
And the deep-drawing Barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan *plains,*
The freſh, and yet unbruiſed, Greeks *do pitch*
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's *ſix Gates i' th' City,*
(Dardan, *and* Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian
And Antenorides,) *with maſſy ſtaples*
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts,
* *Sperre up the ſons of* Troy.——
Now expectation tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits
On one and other ſide, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, (but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice, but ſuited
In like conditions as our Argument ;)
To tell you, (fair Beholders) that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning i' th' middle : ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a Play.
Like, or find fault,——do, as your pleaſures are ;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

* Stir *up the Sons of* Troy.]—We ſhould [read *ſperre,* &c. to *ſperre,* or *ſpar,* from the old *Teutonic* Word *(Sperren)* ſignifies to *ſhut up, defend* by *Bars.* *Theobald.*

Dramatis

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

PRIAM,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,
} TROJANS.

A baſtard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulyſſes,
Neſtor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Therſites,
Calchas,
} GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to* Menelaus, *in love with* Paris.
Andromache, *Wife to* Hector.
Caſſandra, *Daughter to* Priam, *a Propheteſs.*
Creſſida, *Daughter to* Calchas, *in love with* Troilus.

Alexander, Creſſida's *Man.*
Boy, *Page to* Troilus.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

SCENE, Troy; *and the* Grecian *Camp, before it.*

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace in TROY.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

TROILUS.

CALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
Why ſhould I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance:
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

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Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herſelf, what Goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, than I do.
At *Priam*'s royal table do I ſit;
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So, traitor!—when ſhe comes? when is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look, or any woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceive me;
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm)
Buried this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s—well, go to, there were no more compariſon between the women. But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not (as they term it) praiſe her—but I would, ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but,——

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus*——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe——O that! her hand!
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink

Writing

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Writing their own reproach) to whose soft seizure
The cignet's down is harsh, * and (spite of sense)
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me;
(As, true thou tell'st me;) when I say, I love her:
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st, in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is, if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; and she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus;* how now, *Pandarus?*

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus?* what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as *Helen;* and she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the *Greeks*, and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus,——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus,*——

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave

* ——*and* Spirit *of sense*
Hard as the palm of ploughman.——] Read, and (Spite *of sense)* in a Parenthesis. The Meaning is, tho' our Senses contradict it never so much, yet the *cignet's down* is not only harsh, when compared to the Softness of *Cressid*'s Hand, *but hard as the Hand of Ploughman.*

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all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit* Pandarus.

[*Sound Alarm.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides.—*Helen* must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword:
But *Pandarus*——O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there she lies, a pearl:
Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II.

[*Alarm.*] *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. HOW now, Prince *Troilus*? wherefore not i' th' field?

Troi. Because not there; this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence:
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn:
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus*' horn. [*Alarm.*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*—
But to the sport abroad—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Changes to a public Street, near the Walls if Troy.

Enter Creſſida, *and her Servant.*

Cre. WHO were thoſe went by?
Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen.*
Cre. And whither go they?
Ser. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. * *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is, as the Virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtruck his armorer;
And like as there were huſbandry in war,
Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſt light,
And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector*'s wrath.
Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?
Ser. The noiſe goes thus; There is among the *Greeks*
A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.
Cre. Good; and what of him?
Ser. They ſay, he is a very man *per ſe*, and ſtands alone.
Cre. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.
Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man

* ——————Hector, *whoſe patience*
Is, as a Virtue, *fix'd,*——] Patience ſure was a Virtue, and therefore cannot, in Propriety of Expreſſion, be ſaid to be *like* one. We ſhould read,——*Is as* the Virtue *fix'd.*——*i. e.* his Patience is as fixed as the Goddeſs Patience herſelf. So we find *Troilus* a little before ſaying,

Patience herſelf *what Goddeſs e'er ſhe be,*
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do.

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into whom Nature hath ſo crouded humours,* that his valour is cruſted into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. WHO comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good-morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good-morrow, couſin *Creſſid*; what do you talk of? Good-morrow, *Alexander*;—how do you, couſin? when were you at *Ilium*?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

* *thát his valour is* cruſht *into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion:*] *Valour cruſht into Folly is* Nonſenſe; but it is of the firſt Editor's making; who ſeeing *crouded* go before, concluded that *cruſht* (which is oft indeed the Conſequence) muſt needs follow. He did not obſerve that the Poet here employs a *Kitchen*-metaphor, which would have led him to the true Reading, *His Valour is* cruſted *into Folly, his Folly* ſauced *with Diſcretion.*

Cre.

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Cre. *Hector* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays, here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who; *Troilus*?—*Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh, *Jupiter*! there's no compariſon.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man, if you ſee him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay, *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you ſay, as I ſay; for I am ſure, he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus* in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them, he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? alas, poor *Troilus*! I would, he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himſelf? no, he's not himſelf; 'would, he were himſelf! well, the Gods are above; time muſt friend, or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would, my heart were in her body!——no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you ſhall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't: *Hector* ſhall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

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Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Neice; *Helen* herſelf ſwore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis, I muſt confeſs) not brown neither——

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris.*

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* ſhould have too much; if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen*'s golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris.*

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek*, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure, ſhe does. She came to him th' other day into the compaſs-window; and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetic may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector.*

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?—

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. Juno, have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his ſmiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia.*

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre.

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Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then—but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.——

Cre. *Troilus* will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. *Troilus*? why, he eſteems her no more than I eſteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin; indeed, ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, take no queſtion of that: one and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons. *Jupiter!* quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris*, my

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huſband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaf'd, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing Yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April*. [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs towards *Ilium*? good neice, do; ſweet neice *Creſſida*.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Æneas paſſes over the ſtage.

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *paſſes over the ſtage.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enongh; he's one o'th' ſoundeſt judgment in *Troy* whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon; when comes *Troilus*? I'll ſhew you *Troilus* anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod;

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre.

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Cre. If he do, * the mich ſhall have more.

Hector *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector;* there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector!* look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,—— look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there! there's no jeſting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they ſay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with ſwords?

Paris *paſſes over.*

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godſlid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris:* look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who ſaid, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ah? 'would, I could ſee *Troilus* now; you ſhall ſee *Troilus* anon.

Cre Who's that?

Helenus *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenus.* I marvel, where *Troilus* is? that's *Helenus*—I think, he went not forth to-day? that's *Helenus.*

Cre Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel, where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus? Helenus* is a prieſt.

* ——*the* rich *ſhall have more.*] To *give one the nod*, was a Phraſe ſignifying to give one a Mark of Folly. The Reply turns upon this Senſe alluding the Expreſſion *give*, and ſhould be read thus,

The mich *ſhould have more.*

i. e. *much*, He that has much Folly already ſhall then have more.

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Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *paſſes over.*

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus.* 'Tis *Troilus!* there's a man, neice——hem——brave *Troilus!* the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus!* look well upon him, neice, look you how his ſword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris?*—*Paris* is dirt to him, and, I warrant, *Helen* to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die i'th' eyes of *Troilus.* Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece.*

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus.*

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well—why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? do you know, what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt, that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pie, for then the man's date is out.—

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre.

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Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit to defend my wiles; upon my ſecreſy, to defend mine honeſty; my maſk to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe; and at all theſe wards I lie, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too; If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good neice.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, neice, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the ſame token, you are a bawd. [*Exit* Pan.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand-fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done: the ſoul's joy lies in doing:
That She belov'd knows nought, that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when Deſire did ſue:
Atchievement is Command; ungain'd, beſeech.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though my heart's content from love doth bear,
Nothing of That ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

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SCENE V.

Changes to Agamenon's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Aga. PRINCES,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition, that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs: Checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our Suppoſe ſo far,
That after ſev'n years' ſiege, yet *Troy*-walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart; not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our Works?
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter by itſelf,

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Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.
Neſt. With due obſervance of thy goodly Seat,
Great *Agamemnon*, * *Neſtor* ſhall ſupply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men: the Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong-ribb'd Bark through liquid mountains cuts;
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like *Perſeus'* horſe: Where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune. For in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under ſhade; the thing of courage
As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize;
And, with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
Returns to chiding fortune.
Ulyſſ. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up: hear, what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation

*————Neſtor *ſhall* apply

Thy lateſt words————] What were theſe lateſt Words? A Common-place Obſervation, illuſtrated by a particular Image, *that Oppoſition and Adverſity were uſeful to try and diſtinguiſh between the valiant Man and the Coward. The wiſe Man and the Fool.* From whence it appears, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

————Neſtor *ſhall* ſupply, *&c.* Warb.

The

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The which, moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,
[*To* Agamemnon.
And thou, moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
[*To* Neſtor.
I give to both your ſpeeches; which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in ſilver)
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecians'* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou great, and wiſe) to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca:* we-leſs expect,
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſic, wit, and oracle.

Ulyſſ. Troy, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpeciality of Rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many *Grecian* Tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this Plain, ſo many hollow factions.
* When that the General not likes the hive,
To whom the Foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center,
Obſerve degree, priority and place.
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*

* *When that the General* is not like *the hive,*] The Image is taken from the Government of Bees. But what are we to underſtand by this Line? either it has no Meaning, or a Meaning contrary to the Drift of the Speaker. We ſhould certainly then read,

When that the General not likes *the hive:*

i. e. when the Soldiers like not, and refuſe to pay Obedience to their General. *Warb.*

In

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In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts like the commandment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixture? Oh, when *degree* is ſhaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high deſigns)
The enterprize is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhood in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, lawrels,
(But by degree) ſtand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows; each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecillity,
And the rude ſon would ſtrike his father dead:
Force would be Right; or rather, Right and Wrong
(Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice precides)
Would loſe their names, and ſo would Juſtice too.
Then every thing includes itſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite (an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power)
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt eat up itſelf. Great *Agamemnon!*
This Chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of degree is it,

That

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That by a pace goes backward, in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his Superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is ſick.

Aga. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the remedy?

Ulyſſ. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the fore-hand of our Hoſt,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our deſigns. With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, ſlander, he imitation calls)
He pegeants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
* Thy ſtopleſs Deputation he puts on;
And, like a ſtrutting Player, (whoſe conceit
Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage)
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted Seeming
He acts thy Greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending: with terms unſquar'd:
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
The large *Achilles*, on his preſt-bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe:

* *Thy* topleſs *deputation*———] I ſuſpect the Poet wrote *ſtopleſs*, i. e. unlimited; which was the Caſe. *Warb.*

Cries

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Cries——excellent!—'tis *Agamemnon* juſt——
Now play me *Neſtor*—hum, and ſtroke thy beard,
As he, being 'dreſt to ſome oration.
That's done—as near as the extremeſt ends
Of parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, excellent!
'Tis *Neſtor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-alarm:
And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a palſy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet——and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies: cries O!——enough, *Patroclus*——
Or give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And, in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace; exacts,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
(Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a pace,
As broad *Achilles;* and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an Oracle; and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint)
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How hard ſoever rounded in with danger.

Ulyſſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Fore-ſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no Act
But that of hand: The ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,

When

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When fitneſs call them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil the enemies' weight;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work Mapp'ry, cloſet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Tucket ſounds.*

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Æneas.

Aga. WHAT would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?

Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I aſk, that I might waken Reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus:*
Which is that God of office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*

Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers. *Æne.*

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Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, (*Jove's* Accord,)
Nothing ſo full of heat. But peace, *Æneas*;
Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourſelf *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*,

Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his Ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon's* ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy braſs voice thro' all theſe lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
[*The trumpets ſound.*
We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector* (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is ruſty grown; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,

That

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That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion,
(With truant vows to her own lips, he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, (or do his beſt to do it)
He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouſe a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance;——even ſo much.

Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*.
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I'm he.

Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*; one, that was a man
When *Hector*'s Grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* Hoſt
One noble man that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver
* And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth

* *And in my* vantbrace——] An Armour for the Arm, *a vantbras*. Mr. *Pope*.

Ulyſſ

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Ulyſſ. *Amen.*
Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our Pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:
Yourſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſſ. NESTOR.——
Neſt. What ſays *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſſ I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſt. What is't?
Ulyſſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.
Neſt. Well, and how now?
Ulyſſ. This Challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles.*
Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as Subſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up,
And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Libya*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.
Ulyſſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?
Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe,

That

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That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles*? though a ſportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt Repute
With their fin'ſt palate: and truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant-maſs
Of things to come, at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He, that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our Choice;
And Choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſſ. Give pardon to my ſpeech;
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,
And think, perchance, they'll ſell; if not,
The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent,
That even *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our ſhame in this
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyſſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in *Afric* Sun,

Than

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Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd
Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry;
And by divice let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The Sort to fight with *Hector:* 'mongſt ourſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſic the great *Myrmidon*,
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of Senſe aſſumes,
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.

Neſt. Ulyſſes, Now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon;* we go to him ſtreight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Therſites.

AJAX.

THERSITES,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils—full, all over, generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

Ajax. Therſites,——

Ther. And thoſe boils did run—ſay ſo—did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!——

Ther.

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Ther. Then there would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. * Speak then, you windyest leaven, speak; I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in *Greece*.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his Greatness, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina*'s Beauty: ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress *Thersites!*——

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!—— [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!——

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an

* *Speak then, thou* whinid'st *leaven,*] This is the Reading of the old Copies. It should be *windyest*, *e. i.* most windy. Warb.

Assinego

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Aſſinego may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here but to thraſh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. *Mars* his ideot! do, rudeneſs; do, camel, do, do.

SCENE II.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. WHY, how now, *Ajax?* wherefore do you this?
How now, *Therſites?* what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord *(Achilles)* *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

[Ajax *offers to ſtrike him*, Achilles *interpoſes.*

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Ther. I ſay, this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not ſo much wit——

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helen*'s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I ſhall——

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words, *Therſites*.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Ev'n ſo——a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Therſites*?

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes* and old *Neſtor*, (whoſe wit was mouldy * ere your Grandſires had nails on their toes.) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good ſooth; to, *Achilles!* to, *Ajax!* to—

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

* *Ere* their *Grandſires*] We ſhould read, *ere* your *Grandſires*.

Pat.

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Pat. No more words, *Therſites.*

Ther. I will hold my peace, when *Achilles'* brach bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus.*

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your Tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Hoſt,
That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy*,
To-morrow morning call ſome Knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis traſh, farewel.

Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwiſe
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Priam's *Palace in* Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris *and* Helenus.

Pri. AFTER ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks:*
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war)
Shall be ſtruck off. *Hector*, what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fear the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*

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Than *Hector* is. The Wound of Peace is Surety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt Doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches
To th' bottom of the worſt. Let *Helen* go.
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Ev'ry tithe ſoul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King,
(So great as our dread father) in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The vaſt proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waſte moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fie, for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You are ſo empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons;
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?

Troi. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother Prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſons. Here are your reaſons.
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a ſword employ'd is perillous;
And reaſon flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heels,
And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a ſtar diſorb'd!—Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: manhood and honour
Should

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Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
Make livers pale, and luſtyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its eſtimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itſelf,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater than the God;
And the Will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly itſelf affects,
* Without ſome image of th' affected's merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will and Judgment; how may I avoid
(Although my Will diſtaſte what is elected)
The wife I chuſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,
When we have ſpoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unreſpective place,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the *Greeks*:
Your breath of full conſent bellied his ſails;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice: he touch'd the Ports deſir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* Queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:

* *Without ſome image of th' affected Merit.*] We ſhould read,
——*th' affected's Merit.*

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Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants——
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go:*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
And cry'd, inestimable!) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar that estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!
What we have stoll'n that we do fear to keep!
* Base thieves, unworthy of a thing so stoll'n,
Who in *their* country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans!*

Hect. It is *Cassandra.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cassandra, *with her hair about her ears.*

Cas. CRY, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come:
Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practise your eyes with tears.
Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilion* stand:
Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*

* But *Thieves,*] We should read, base *Thieves.*

Hect.

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Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of Divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualify the ſame?

Troi Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra*'s mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s ſons;
And, *Jove* forbid! there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things, as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not merely to myſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a Beauty brings with it:

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But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain, as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
When *Helen* is the ſubject. Then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.

Hect. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well:
But on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloz'd but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy.
The reaſons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: for pleaſure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the huſband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta*'s King,
(As, it is known, ſhe is) theſe moral laws
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeak aloud

To

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To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For, I preſume, brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*.——
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſy ſpirits.
I was advertis'd, their great General ſlept,
Whilſt emulation in the army crept:
This, I preſume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Before Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

HOW now, *Therſites*? what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? ſhall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatis-

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faction; 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till these undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have; which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp; or rather the bone-ach, for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles!*

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. Who's there? *Thersites?* Good *Thersites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'st not have slipt out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue: heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles?*

Pat. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Pat.

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Pat. Therſites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come, why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion—why haſt thou not ſerved thyſelf up to my table, ſo many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Pat. Thy lord, *Therſites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Pat. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell,——

Ther. I'll decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Pat. You raſcal——

Ther. Peace fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Therſites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Therſites* is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Pat. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator;——it ſuffices me, thou art.

SCENE VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll ſpeak with no body: come in with me, *Therſites*. [*Exit.*

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Ther. Here is such patchery, such jugling, and such knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Pat. Within his tent, but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
* He shent our messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so, left, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place;
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?——let him shew us the cause. A word, my lord.
[*To* Agamemnon.

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, *Thersites?*

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles.*

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction; but it was a strong counsel, that a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

* *He* Sent *our messengers.*——] This Nonsense should be read, *He* Shent *our Messengers,*——*i. e.* rebuked, rated. *Warb.*

SCENE

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SCENE VII.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſy;
His legs are for neceſſity, not flexure.

Pat. Achilles bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Here you, *Patroclus*;
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him; yet all his virtues
(Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs;
And like fair fruit in an unwholeſome diſh
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him; and you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay, we think him over-proud,
In ſelf-aſſumption greater than in note
Of judgment: ſay, men worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And under-go in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettiſh lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

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Not portable, lie under this report,
Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping giant; tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him. *Ulyſſes*, enter.
Exit Ulyſſes.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? do you not think, he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Aga. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay, he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he, that is proud, eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter Ulyſſes.

Ajax. I Do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,

In

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In will-peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Un-tent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: he's possest with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,) shall he be worshipp'd
Of That, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
(As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,) by going to *Achilles*:
That were t'inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* go to him!

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed fist
I'll push him o'er the face. *Aga.*

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Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeſe his pride: let me go to him.

Ulyſſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry inſolent fellow——

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf!

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſſ. The raven chides blackneſs.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o' my mind——

Ulyſſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo, he ſhould eat ſwords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyſſ. He would have ten ſhares.

* *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple—

Neſt. He is not yet through warm: force him with praiſes; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyſſ. My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble General, do not do ſo.

Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles.*

Ulyſſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreſon dog! that palters thus with us—
Would he were a *Trojan!*

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Ulyſſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe.

Ulyſſ. Ay, or ſurly borne.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected.

Ulyſſ. Thank the heav'ns, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;

* Ajax. *I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple, he's not yet through warm.*] The latter Part of this Speech ſhould be given to *Neſtor.*

Praiſe

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Praiſe him that got thee, her that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yields
To ſinewy *Ajax*; I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts. Here's *Neſtor*,
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times;
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe:
But pardon, father *Neſtor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyſſ. Ay, my good ſon.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax*.

Ulyſſ. There is no tarrying here; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; pleaſe it our great General
To call together all his State of war;
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*: to-morrow, friends,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt:
And here's a lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Aga. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* ſleep;
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Paris's *Apartments in the Palace, in* Troy.

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.* [*Muſic within.*

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young lord *Paris*?

Ser.

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Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman: I muſt needs praiſe him.

Ser. The lord be praiſed!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope, I ſhall know your honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of Grace.

Pan. Grace? not ſo, friend: honour and lordſhip, are my titles:
What muſic is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is muſic in parts.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love muſic.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Ser. That's to't, indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my lord, who's there in perſon; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's viſible ſoul.

Pan. Who, my couſin *Creſſida*?

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out That by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the lady *Creſſida*. I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the

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the Prince *Troilus:* I will make a complimental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, indeed.

SCENE II.

Enter Paris *and* Helen, *attended.*

Pan. FAIR be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair Deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them; eſpecially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken muſic.

Par. You have broken it, couſin, and, by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my lord; well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my lord, dear Queen; my lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out; we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me; but marry, thus, my lord;—my dear lord, and moſt eſteemed Friend, your brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*, honey-ſweet lord,——

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to——

Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen, I'faith——

Helen. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſour offence.

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offence. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no—

Pan. And, my lord, he deſires you, that if the King call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*,—

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen, my very very ſweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my couſin will fall out with you.

Helen. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my diſpouſer *Creſſida*.

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſpouſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ay, good my lord; why ſhould you ſay, *Creſſida*? no, your poor diſpouſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy—

Pan. You ſpy, what do you ſpy? come, give me an inſtrument now, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet Queen.

Helen. She ſhall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, ſhe'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, ſweet lord, thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may—

Helen. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan.

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Pan. Love!—ay, that it ſhall, i' faith.
Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.
Pan. In good troth, it begins ſo.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more:
For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The ſhaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore.
Theſe lovers cry, oh! oh! they die:
Yet That, which ſeems the wound to kill,
Doth turn, oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:
So dying love lives ſtill.
O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;
O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha—hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the noſe!
Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.
Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?
Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?
Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething; you know all, lord *Pandarus*.
Pan. Not I, honey ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuſe?
Par. To a hair.
Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.
Helen. Commend me to your neice.

Pan.

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Pan. I will, ſweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to *Priam's* Hall,
To greet the warriors—Sweet *Helen*, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our *Hector*: his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews: you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland Kings, diſarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, *Paris*:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-ſhines ourſelf.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Orchard to Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus's *Man.*

Pan. NOW, where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida's*?

Ser. No, Sir, * he prays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid's* ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid*.

*——*he* Stays you——] We ſhould read,——*he* Prays you——

Pan.

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Pan. Walk here i' th' orchard, I will bring her ſtraight. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe: what will it be,
When that the watry palate taſtes indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: I'll bring her. It is the prettieſt villain, ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. Ev'n ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe;
And all my pow'rs do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The eye of Majeſty.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. COME, come; what need you bluſh? Shame's a baby. Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me. What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward, we'll put you i' th' files:

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files: Why do you not ſpeak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's ſee your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark, you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs the Miſtreſs; how now, a kiſs in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you of deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion: what, billing again? here's, in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably—come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſht me thus?

Cre. Wiſht, my lord! the Gods grant——O my lord.

Troi. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims, they never ſee truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear. To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid*'s Pageant there is preſented no monſter

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our Undertakings; when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtruoſity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd: that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay, all lovers ſwear more performance than

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than they are able; and yet reserve an ability, that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monstrous?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we; praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble; few words to fair truth. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

SCENE V.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. WHAT blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won; they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,

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With the firſt glance that ever——pardon me——
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant;
I love you now; but not till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it——in faith, I lie——
My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
Too headſtrong for their mother; ſee, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to ourſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wiſht myſelf a man:
Or that We women had men's privilege,
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent; ſee, ſee, your ſilence
(Cunning in dumbneſs) from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſic iſſues thence.
[*Kiſſing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd;——O heavens, what have I done!—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, ſweet *Craſſid?*

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot ſhun yourſelf.

Cre. Let me go try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that itſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeak, I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I ſhew more craft than love, And

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And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not: To be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will preſume in you,)
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth
Out-living Beauties outward; with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!
Or, that perſuaſion could but once convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as Truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!
When Right with Right wars who ſhall be moſt right.
True ſwains in love ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus;* when their rhymes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies: truth, tired with iteration,
As true as ſteel, as Plantage to the Moon,
As Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
* As truth authentic, ever to be cited,
As true as *Troilus*, ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,

* *As truth's authentic author to be cited*] This Line ſhould be read,

As Truth authentic, ever *to be cited.*

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When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind Oblivion ſwallow'd Cities up,
And mighty States characterleſs are grated
To duſty Nothing; yet let Memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſhood! when they've ſaid, as falſe
As air, as water, as wind, as ſandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſhood,
As falſe as *Creſſid*.——

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs.—Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's; if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful Goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars:* let all inconſtant men be *Troilus*'s, all falſe women *Creſſida*'s, and all brokers between *Pandars*: ſay, Amen.

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a bed-chamber; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.
And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and *Pandar* to provide this Geer!

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Ajax, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

Cal. NOW, Princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompenſe: appear it to you,

That,

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That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniencies,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtered from all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldſt thou of us, *Trojan?* make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore;)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right-great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deny'd: but this *Antenor*,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his Manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a Prince o'th' blood, a ſon of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent, great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter: and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pay.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither: *Calchas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange;
Withal, bring word, if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

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SCENE VII.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus, *before their Tent.*

Ulyſſ. ACHILLES ſtands i'th' entrance of his Tent,
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him:
I will come laſt; 'tis like, he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent on him:
If ſo, I have deciſion medicinable
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink.
It may do good: Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainſt *Troy.*

Aga. What ſays *Achilles?* would he aught with us?

Neſt. Would you, my lord, aught with the General?

Achil. No.

Neſt. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?

Ajax. How now, *Patroclus?*

Achil. Good-morrow, *Ajax.*

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good-morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not *Achilles?* *Pat.*

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Pat. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, (as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders)
The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulyſſes*.
I'll interrupt his reading.——Now, *Ulyſſes*?

Ulyſſ. Now, *Thetis'* ſon!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyſſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in Having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.

Achil. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes*.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itſelf

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To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itſelf
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold itſelf
Not going from itſelf; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each others' form.
For ſpeculation turns not to itſelf,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee its ſelf; this is not ſtrange.
Ulyſſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumſtance, expreſly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in, and of, him there is much conſiſting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught,
'Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverb'rates
The voice again; or, like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax.*———
Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horſe,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe?
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth? now ſhall we ſee to-morrow
An Act, that very Chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
* How ſome men ſleep in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes;

* *How ſome men* creep *in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall,*] This is ſaid with Deſign that *Achilles* ſhould apply it to himſelf and *Ajax*. But as *creep* is to be applied to *Achilles*, it conveys a wrong Idea, as repreſenting one who is timorous and afraid to atchieve great Acts: So that we ſhould read, *How ſome men* ſleep *in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall.* Warb.

How

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How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these *Grecian* lords! why ev'n already
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breast,
And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. This I do believe;
For they passed by me, as misers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion:
(A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes)
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance keeps Honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast? keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost; and there you lie,
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
* For pavement to the abject Rear, o'er-run
And trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer; Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewel goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;

* *For pavement to the abject* near,——] We should read, *abject* Rear. Warb.

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For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all, with one consent, praise new-born Gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted:
The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax;*
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The Cry went once for thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. 'Gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence, that's in a watchful State,
Knows almost every grain of *Pluto*'s Gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive Deep;
Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the Gods,
Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with which relation
Durst never meddle) in the Soul of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*

As

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As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When Fame ſhall in his iſland ſound her trumps;
And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hector*'s ſiſter did *Achilles* win;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
Farewel, my lord——I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice, that you ſhould break.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Pat. TO this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act.——I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:
Sweet, rouſe yourſelf; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold;
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*!——

Pat. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake;
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Pat. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a Commiſſion to a Blank of Danger;
And Danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then, when we ſit idly in the Sun.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus*:
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T'invite the *Trojan* lords, after the Combat,

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To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a woman's Longing
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in the Weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Ev'n to my full of view.——A labour ſav'd!

SCENE IX.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. A Wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetic but her brain, to ſet down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, if 'twould out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, good-morrow, *Ajax*: And he replies, thanks, *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fiſh, language-leſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my ambaſſador to him, *Therſites*.

Ther. Who, I?——why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he

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he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*—tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe Conduct for his Person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, captain general, of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, *&c.* Do this.

Pat. Jove bless great *Ajax!*

Ther. Hum———

Pat. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Pat. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum——

Pat. And to procure safe Conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. Agamemnon!——

Pat. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Pat. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Pat. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Pat. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus; what music will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler *Apollo* get his sinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil.

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Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd,
And I myſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exe.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas, *with a torch; at another*, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomede; Grecians, *with Torches.*

PARIS.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord *Æneas.*

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good-morrow, lord *Æneas.*

Par. A valiant *Greek*, *Æneas*; take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told, how *Diomede* a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all queſtion of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and th'other *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, ſo long, health;
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit and policy.

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will fly

With

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With his face backward.—In humane gentleneſs,
Welcome to *Troy*.—Now, by *Anchiſes'* life,
Welcome, indeed!——by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We ſympathize.—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my ſword his Fate be not the Glory)
A thouſand complete courſes of the Sun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting;
The nobleſt, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early?

Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpoſe meets you; 'twas, to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* houſe, and there to render him
(For the enfreed *Antenor*) the fair *Creſſid*.
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte thee before. I conſtantly do think,
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That aſſure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* borne from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord, we'll follow you.

Æne. Good-morrow all. [*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?
Myſelf, or *Menelaus*? *Dio.*

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Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her,
(Not making any ſcruple of her foilure,)
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour,)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her Country: here me, *Paris*,
For ev'ry falſe drop in her baudy veins
A *Grecian*'s life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not giv'n ſo many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd death.

Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend not ſell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Troilus and *Creſſida.*

Troi. DEAR, trouble not yourſelf; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, ſweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down:
He ſhall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not——
To bed, to bed——ſleep ſeal thoſe pretty eyes,
And

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And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good-morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Creſſida!* but that the buſy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,
Tedious as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry—you men will never tarry—
O fooliſh *Creſſida*——I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

Pan. [*within*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I ſhall have ſuch a life——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you, maid; where's my couſin *Creſſida?*

Cre. Go hang yourſelf, you naughty mocking uncle;
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay, what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beſhrew your heart; you'll never be good; nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor *Capocchia*,—haſt not ſlept to-night? would he not (a naughty man) let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'th'

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o'th' head!—who's that at door?—good uncle, go and see!—my lord, come you again into my chamber;——you smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha——

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing. How earnestly they knock—pray you, come in. [*Knock.*] I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door; how now? what's the matter?

SCENE III.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. GOOD-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord *Æneas*? by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! What should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn; for my own part, I came in late: what should he do here?

Æne. Pho!—nay, then:——come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

[*As* Pandarus *is going out.*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leasure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomede*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,

We

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We muſt give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Creſſida.*

Troi. Is it concluded ſo?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the ſecreteſt of natures
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Creſſida *to* Pandarus.

Pan. IS't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt: the Devil take *Antenor!* the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor!* I would, they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my lord? gone! tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would, thou hadſt ne'er been born: I knew, thou would'ſt be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor!*——

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*: thou muſt go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father,
I know no touch of Conſanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo neat me,

As

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As the ſweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine!
Make *Creſſid*'s name the very Crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus*. Time, Force, and Death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the ſtrong Baſe and Building of my Love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it.——I'll go and weep,——
Pan. Do, do.
Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks.
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

Before Pandarus's *Houſe*.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes,

Par. IT is great morning and the hour prefixt
Of her Delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes faſt upon us: good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpuſe.
Troi. Walk into her houſe:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A prieſt, there offering to it his heart.
Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!
Pleaſe you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Pandarus's *Houſe*.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. BE moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?

The

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The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
And in its ſenſe is no leſs ſtrong, than That
Which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs:

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,——a, ſweet duck!——

Cre. O *Troilus, Troilus!*

Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! let me embrace too:

Oh heart, (as the goodly ſaying is;)
Oh heart, O heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?

where he anſwers again;
Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it. How now, lambs?

Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity,
That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my fancy
(More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
Cold lips blow to their Deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy?*

Troi. A hateful truth!

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus.*

Cre. Is it poſſible?

Troi. And ſuddenly: while injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our -

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Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Each other bought, muſt poorly ſell ourſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Æneas. [*within.*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd. Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, come, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians?*

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry *Greeks!*
When ſhall we ſee again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart——

Cre. I true! how now, what wicked Deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:——
I ſpeak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Glove to Death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Cre. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.

Cre.

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Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you?
Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* Centinels
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.
Cre. Oh heav'ns! be true, again?
Troi. Hear, why I ſpeak it, love:
The *Grecian* youths are full of ſubtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and ſwelling o'er with arts, and exerciſe;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon—
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſy
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afraid.
Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not!
Troi. Die I a villain then!——
In this, I do not call your faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high Lavolt; nor ſweeten talk;
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive Devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cre. Do you think, I will?
Troi. No,
But ſomething may be done, that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to ourſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.
Æneas. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,——
Troi. Come, kiſs, and let us part.
Paris. [*within.*] Brother *Troilus*,——
Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.
Cre. My lord, will You be true?
Troi. Who I? alas, it is my Vice, my fault:
While others fiſh, with craft, for great opinion;
I, with great truth, catch mere ſimplicity.

While

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While ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair; and by my ſoul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword;
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.

Dio. Lady *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads you fair uſage; and to *Diomede*
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
* To ſhame the zeal of my petition towards thee,
By praiſing her. I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.
I charge thee, uſe her well, even for my Charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a Speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my liſt: and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on Charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;

* *To ſhame the* Seal *of my petition tow'rds thee,*
By praiſing her.——] To *ſhame* the *Seal* of a Petition is Nonſenſe. *Shakeſpear* wrote,——*To ſhame the* Zeal.——

I'll

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I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour—no.

Troi. Come, to the Port—I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This Brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand—and, as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.
[*Sound Trumpet.*

Par. Hark, *Hector*'s trumpet!

Æne. How have we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus*' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let me make ready ſtrait.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on *Hector*'s heels:
The Glory of our *Troy* doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *armed*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *&c.*

Aga. HERE art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him thither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholic of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector*.

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Ulyſſ. No trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early day.
Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas'* daughter?
Ulyſſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomede, *with* Creſſida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Creſſida?*
Dio. Ev'n ſhe.
Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet lady.
Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.
Ulyſſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general.
Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.
So much for *Neſtor.*
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Pat. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted, thus, you and your argument.
Ulyſſ. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns!
Pat. The firſt was *Menelaus'* kiſs—this mine——
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. O, this is trim.
Pat. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir: lady, by your leave,—
Cre. In kiſſing do you render or receive?
Pat. Both take and give.
Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.——
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre.

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Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' th' head.
Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.
Ulyſſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn:
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Cre. You may.
Ulyſſ. I do deſire it.
Cre. Why, beg then.
Ulyſſ. Why then, for *Venus'* ſake, give me a kiſs,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his——
Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyſſ. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.
Neſt. A woman of quick ſenſe!
Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your Father.
[Diomede *leads out* Creſſida.
Ulyſſ. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her body:
Oh, theſe Encounterers! So glib of tongue,
They give a Coaſting welcome ere it comes:
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader: ſet them down
For fluttiſh Spoils of Opportunity,
And daughters of the Game. [*Trumpet within.*

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, *and Attendants.*

All. The *Trojans'* trumpet!
Aga. Yonder comes the troop.
Æne. Hail, all the State of *Greece!* what ſhall be done
To him that Victory commands? Or do you purpoſe,
A Victor ſhall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bade aſk.

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Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?
Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal miſpriſing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
* Valour and pride parcel themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all;
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And That, which looks like pride, is courteſy.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to ſeek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.
Achil. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath. The Combatants being kin
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.
Ulyſſ. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What *Trojan* is that ſame, that looks ſo heavy?
Ulyſſ. The youngeſt ſon of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;

* *Valour and Pride*, excel *themſelves in* Hector,] Without doubt *Shakeſpear* wrote,
Valour and Pride parcel *themſelves in* Hector;
i. e. Divide themſelves in *Hector* in ſuch a Manner, that the one is almoſt infinite; and the other almoſt nothing.

Not

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Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private ſoul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me.

[*Alarm.* Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*

SCENE IX.

Aga. THEY are in action.

Neſt. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.

Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd; there, *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets ceaſe.*

Dio. You muſt no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleaſes.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon;
A couſin-german to great *Priam*'s ſeed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*; the ſinews of this leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my ſire's: by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* member,

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Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: But the juſt Gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax:*
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.——
Couſin, all honour to thee!——

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector!*
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. * Not *Neoptolemus*'s Sire iraſcible,
(On whoſe bright creſt, Fame, with her loud'ſt O yes,
Cries, this is he;) could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector.*

Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll anſwer it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our *Grecian* tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector.*

Hect. Æneas, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignify this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my Couſin:
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Agamemnon *and the reſt of the* Greeks *come forward.*

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

* *Not* Neoptolemus ſo mirable.] But *Shakeſpear* certainly wrote,
Not Neoptolemus's Sire iraſcible
On whoſe bright Creſt——
Iraſcible is an old School Term, and is an Epithet ſuiting his Character, and the Circumſtances he was then in.
Impiger, Iracundus, *inexorabilis, Acer.*

Hect.

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Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: underſtand more clear,
What's paſt and what's to come is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of Oblivion.
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.
Aga. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.
[*To* Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's Greeting,
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O—you, my lord—by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus*' glove;
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon——I offend.
Neſt. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft,
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekiſh* youth; and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* ſteed,
Bravely deſpiſing forfeits and ſubduements,
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i'th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders-by,
Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life!
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,

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When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling. This I've ſeen:
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a ſoldier good:
But by great *Mars*, the Captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſy.

Hect. I would, they could.

Neſt. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time——

Ulyſſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here the baſe and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* embaſſy.

Ulyſſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue:
My propheſy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.

Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and, modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyſſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;

After

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After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtall thee, lord *Ulyſſes*;——thou!
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this *Achilles*?
Achil. I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heav'ns!
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: ſtand again.——
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that ſtmythied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.——
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never——
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;

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And you, *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone,
'Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomach. The general State, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field:
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Hector*?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector's* leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him
To taſte your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Manent Troilus *and* Ulyſſes.

Troi. MY lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulyſſ. At *Menelaus'* Tent, moſt princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Creſſid*.

Troi. Shall I, ſweet lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyſſ. You ſhall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what honour was

This

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This *Creſſida* in *Troy*; had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?

Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth:
But, ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with *Greekiſh* wine to-night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.

Pat. Here comes *Therſites*.

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and idol of ideot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from *Troy*.

Pat. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Pat. Well ſaid, adverſity; and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles*'s male-varlet.

Pat. Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palſies, raw

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eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſthume, ſciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.

Pat. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Pat. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreſon indiſtinguiſhable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſley'd ſilk, thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taffel of a prodigal's purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Pat. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battle:
Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it;
Fall *Greek*, fail fame, honour, or go, or ſtay,
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my tent,
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull, * the primitive ſtatue,

* *The primitive ſtatue, and* oblique *memorial of cuckolds;*] He calls *Menelaus the Transformation of* Jupiter, that is, as himſelf explains it, the

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ſtatue, and obeliſque memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty ſhoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? to an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Diſtiny. Aſk me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*; for I care not, to be the louſe of a lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*———

Hey-day, ſpirits and fires!

SCENE II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *and* Diomede, *with lights.*

Aga. WE go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we ſee the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector;* welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the Guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good-night, to the *Greeks'* General.

the *Bull*, on account of his *Horns*, which he had as a Cuckold. This Cuckold he calls the *primitive Statue of Cuckolds;* Therefore we ſhould read, ——*and* obeliſque *Memorial of Cuckolds.* He is repreſented as one who would remain an eternal Monument of his Wife's Infidelity. And how could this be better done than by calling him an *Obeliſque Memorial?* of all human Edifices the moſt durable.

Warb.

Men.

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Men. Good-night, my lord.

Hect. Good-night, ſweet lord *Menelaus.*

Ther. Sweet draught——ſweet, quoth a —ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.

Achil. Good-night, and welcome, both at once, to thoſe
That go or tarry.

Aga. Good-night.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too, *Diomede*,
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord, I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now; good-night, great *Hector.*

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyſſ. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent:
I'll keep you company. [*To* Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo, good-night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomede's* a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave: I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the Sun borrows of the Moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after—Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Calchas's *Tent.*

Enter Diomede.

Dio. WHAT are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomede; Calchas* I think; where's your daughter? *Cal.*

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Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulyſſes, *after them* Therſites.

Ulyſſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſida.

Troi. *Creſſid* come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian; hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?

Ulyſſ. She will ſing to any man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any man may ſing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember; yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſſ. Liſt,———

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forſworn——

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cre. I pr'thee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good-night.

Troi. Hold, patience——

Ulyſſ. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomede*,——

Dio. No, no, good-night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi.

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Troi. Thy Better muſt.
Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.
Troi. O plague, and madneſs!
Ulyſſ. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you, go.
Troi. Behold, I pray you——
Ulyſſ. Good my lord, go off.
You fly to great diſtraction: come, my lord.
Troi. I pr'ythee, ſtay.
Ulyſſ. You have not patience; come.
Troi. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.
Dio. And ſo, good-night.
Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?
Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!
Ulyſſ. Why, how now, lord?
Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian——why *Greek*——
Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.
Cre. In faith I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyſſ. You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething; will you go?
You will break out.
Troi. She ſtrokes his cheek.——
Ulyſſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay; by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potato finger tickles theſe together! fry, lechery, fry!——
Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith, I will, la; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.

Cre.

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Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyſſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, ſweet lord,
I will not be myſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Creſſida.

Ther. NOW the pledge; now, now, now.——
Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this ſleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyſſ. My lord,——
Troi. I will be patient, outwardly, I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; behold it will:—
He lov'd me:—O falſe wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid, Whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O, all ye Gods——O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy maſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee.—— [Diomedes *ſnatches the ſleeve.*
Nay, do not ſnatch it from me:
He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did ſwear patience.
Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomede*: faith, you ſhall not:
I'll give you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will have this: whoſe was it?
Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio.

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Dio. Come, tell we whoſe it was?
Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it?
Cre. By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder,
And by herſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his ſpirit, that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.
Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not——
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewel.
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.
Cre. You ſhall not go;——one cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not you, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?
Cre. Ay, come:——O *Jove!* do, come:——
I ſhall be plagued.
Dio. Farewel 'till then. [*Exit.*
Cre. Good-night: I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee.——
Ah, poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, muſt err: O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Ther. A Proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, my mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyſſ.

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Ulyſſ. All's done, my lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyſſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my ſoul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert th' atteſt of eyes and ears;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?
Ulyſſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*
Troi. She was not, ſure.
Ulyſſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troi. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
Ulyſſ. Nor mine, my lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn critieks, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare all the ſex
By *Creſſid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid.*
Ulyſſ. What hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoil our mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this was ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomede*'s *Creſſida.*
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows, if vows are ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the Gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt thyſelf!
Bi-fold authority! where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt. This is, and is not, *Creſſid.*
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight

Of

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Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As ſlight *Arachne*'s broken woof, to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as *Pluto*'s gates!
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heav'n itſelf!
The bonds of heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſolv'd and loos'd:
And with another knot five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede.*

Ulyſſ. My worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that ſhall be divulged well;
In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*,—ne'er did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul——
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Creſſid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede.*
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:
Were it a caſk compos'd by *Vulcan*'s ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhip-men do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty Sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on *Diomede.*

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

Ulyſſ. O, contain yourſelf:
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my lord,
Hector

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Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.
Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous lord, adieu.
Farewel, revolted fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head!
Ulyſſ. I'll bring you to the gates.
Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.
[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.
Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will do no more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab: lechery, lechery, ſtill wars and lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Palace of Troy.

Enter Hector *and* Andromache.

And. WHEN was my lord ſo much ungently temper'd
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlaſting Gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to-day.
Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my brother *Hector*?
And. Here, ſiſter, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition;
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.
Caſ.

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Caſ. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound.

Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heav'ns, ſweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I ſay: the Gods have heard me ſwear.

Caſ. The Gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.

And. O! be perſuaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by theſts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?

And. *Caſſandra*, call my father to perſuade. [*Exit* Caſſandra.

Hect. No, faith, young *Troilus;* doff thy harneſs, youth:
I am to-day i' th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is this? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. * When many times the catiff *Grecians* fall,
Ev'n

* *When many times the* captive *Grecians fall,*] This Reading ſuppoſes *Hector* inſulting over his *Captives*, which is not *Troilus*'s Meaning:

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Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Troi. Fools play, by Heaven, *Hector.*
Hect. How now? how now?
Troi. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, ſavage, fie!
Troi. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.
Hect. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to-day.
Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

SCENE VII.

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra.

Caſ. LAY hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy Stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I myſelf
Am, like a prophet, ſuddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

ing: who is here ſpeaking of *Hector*'s Actions in the Field. Without doubt *Shakeſpear* wrote,

When many times the Caitiff Grecians *fall.*

Hect.

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Hect. *Æneas* is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou ſhalt not go.

Hect. I muſt not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Caſ. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit* And.

Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector*:
Look, how thou dieſt; look, how thy eyes turn pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her dolour forth!
Behold, diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead! O *Hector!*

Troi. Away!——Away!——

Caſ. Farewel: yet, ſoft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou doſt thyſelf and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the Gods with ſafety ſtand about thee! [*Alarm.*

Troi. They're at it, hark; proud *Diomede*, believe,
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve.

SCENE

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SCENE VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. DO you hear, my lord, do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreſon tiſic, a whoreſon raſcally tiſic ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o' theſe days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my bones that unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words; no matter from the heart:
Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey! ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Field between Troy *and the Camp.*

[*Alarm.*] *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got the ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that, that ſame young *Trojan* aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſter villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs

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Errant. O'th' other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty ſneering raſcals, that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe *Neſtor*, and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes*, is not prov'd worth a black-berry.—They ſet me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede *and* Troilus.

Soft—here comes ſleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for ſhould'ſt thou take the river *Styx*, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſcall Retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee! [*They go off, fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*; now for thy whore, *Trojan*: now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

SCENE X.

Enter Hector.

Hect. WHAT art thou, *Greek!* art thou for *Hector*'s match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God o' mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet, in a ſort, lechery eats itſelf: I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede *and Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou *Troilus*' horſe,
Preſent

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Preſent the fair Steed to my lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord.

SCENE XI.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. RENEW, renew: the fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon*: baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* priſoner,
And ſtands *Coloſſus*-wiſe, waving his beam
Upon the paſhed coarſes of the Kings,
Epiſtropus and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is ſlain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers: haſte we, *Diomede*,
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go bear *Patroclus*' body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame,
There are a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now, here he fights on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or die, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſſ. Oh, courage, courage, Princes; great *Achilles*

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Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowſy blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* has loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bad him win all.

SCENE XII.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. TROILUS, thou coward *Troilus!* [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-killer, ſhew me thy face:
Know, what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector*. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head!

Re-enter Diomede.

Dio. *Troilus*, I ſay, where's *Troilus?*

Ajax. What wouldſt thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou ſhouldſt have my Office,
Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I ſay, what! *Troilus?*

Enter

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Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor *Diomede!* turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand, *Diomede.*
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Troi. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus?* O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, *Hector.*
Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*
Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſy, proud *Trojan.*
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,
My Reſt and Negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune.
Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas;* ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He ſhall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

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I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it; wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.
Mark what I ſay, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep yourſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my Proceeding eye:
It is decreed—*Hector* the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Therſites, Menelaus *and* Paris.

Ther. THE cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now my double-hen'd ſparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho.
[*Exeunt* Paris *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, ſlave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Baſt. A baſtard ſon of *Priam*'s.
Ther. I am a baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewel, baſtard.
Baſt. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. MOST putrified core, ſo fair without!—
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt, ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the Sun begins to ſet;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the Sun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s life is done.
[*They fall upon* Hector, *and kill him.*
Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*
Achil. Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, ſink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews and thy bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlain.
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.
Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth;
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates.
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tie his body to my horſe's tail:
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*
[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?

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Neſt. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! *Achilles!*

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector's* ſlain, and by *Achilles.*

Ajax. If it is ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

Aga. March haſtily along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our Tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. STAND, ho! yet are we maſters of the field;
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is ſlain.

All. Hector!——the Gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead, and at the murderer's horſe's tail.
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.
* Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and ſmite at *Troy*,
I ſay, at once. Let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

Æne. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the Hoſt.

Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men

* *Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;*
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and Smile *at* Troy,] Here *Troilus* is made to invoke the Gods to *frown* in one Line, and to *ſmile* in the other: And, as if he had not talked Nonſenſe enough, after having made them do and undo, and protract the Fate of *Troy*, in the next Line he begs them to be ſpeedy and *brief*, and diſpatch them at once. We ſhould read and point the paſſage thus,

Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and ſmite *at* Troy, *&c.*

Addreſs

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Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba*?
Let him, that will a ſcreech-owl ay be call'd,
Go into *Troy*, and ſay there, *Hector*'s dead:
That is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone;
* Make welling *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of itſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet, you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-ſiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth Goblins ſwift as Frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free March to *Troy*! with comfort go:
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey; ignominy, ſhame [*Strikes him.*
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet at work, and how ill requited? why ſhould our endeavour be ſo lov'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?—let me ſee——

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
'Till he hath loſt his honey and his ſting;

* *Make* Wells and Niobes *of the maids and wives;*] We ſhould certainly read, welling *Niobes*, i. e. *Niobes welling*, or ſtreaming down with Tears.

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But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths——
As many as be here of *Pandar*'s Hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar*'s Fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now; but that my fear is this,
* Some galled gooſe of *Wincheſter* would hiſs;
'Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exit.*

* *Some galled gooſe of* Wincheſter——] The public Stews were anciently under the Juriſdiction of the Biſhop of *Wincheſter*.
Mr. *Pope.*

ROMEO

ROMEO

AND

JULIET.

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PROLOGUE.

TWO Houſholds, both alike in Dignity,
In fair Verona, *(where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient Grudge break to new mutiny;
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes,
A pair of ſtar-croſt lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſadventur'd piteous Overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their Parents' ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their Parents' rage,
Which but their children's End nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our ſtage:
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our Toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

DRA-

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young Nobleman, in love with* Juliet, *and kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Two Lords of ancient families, Enemies to*
Capulet, } *each other.*
Romeo, *Son to* Montague.
Mercutio, *Kinſman to the Prince, and Friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *Kinſman and Friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *Kinſman to* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence.
Friar John.
Balthaſar, *Servant to* Romeo.
Page to Paris.
Sampſon, } *Servants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *Servant to* Montague.
Apothecary.
Simon Catling, }
Hugh Rebeck, } *Muſicians.*
Samuel Soundboard, }
Peter, *Servant to the Nurſe.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet, *in love with* Romeo.
Nurſe to Juliet.

CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral men and women relations to* Capulet, *Maſkers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in* Mantua; *during all the reſt of the Play, in and near* Verona.

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ROMEO and *JULIET.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street, in VERONA.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, *(with ſwords and bucklers,) two ſervants of the* Capulets.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an' we be in Choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your Neck out of the Collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the Houſe of *Montague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir; and to be valiant, is to ſtand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that Houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man, or maid of *Montague*'s.

Greg. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakeſt, are ever thruſt to the wall:—therefore I will puſh *Montague*'s men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Greg.

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Greg. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their-men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maiden-heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh: if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the Houſe of the *Montagues*.

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not,

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee!——

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay, ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man, as you.

Abr.

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Abr. No better.
Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say, better: here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.
Sam. Yes, better, Sir.
Abr. You lie.
Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*
Ben. Part, fools, put up your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.
Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.
Tyb. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Montagues* and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Offi. Clubs, bills, and partiſans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Montagues!*

Enter old Capulet *in his gown, and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my long ſword, ho!
La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch:——why call you for a ſword?
Cap. My ſword, I ſay: old *Montague* is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Montague, *and Lady* Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet*——Hold me not, let me go. *La.*

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La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel——
Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
Have thrice diſturb'd the Quiet of the ſtreets;
And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens
Caſt by their grave, beſeeming, ornaments;
To wield old partiſans, and hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away,
You *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, *&c.*

SCENE II.

La. Mon. WHO ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach;
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the inſtant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his ſword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,

He

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He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds:
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn.
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came, who parted either Part.

La. Mon. O where is *Romeo!* Saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd Sun
Peer'd through the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
Where underneath the grove of ſycamour,
That weſtward roboteth from the City ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your ſon.
Tow'rds him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,
(That moſt are buſied when they're moſt alone,)
Purſued my humour, not purſuing him;
And gladly ſhun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen
With tears augmenting the freſh morning-dew;
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs;
But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering Sun
Should, in the fartheſt Eaſt, begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from *Aurora*'s bed;
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night.
Black and portentous muſt his humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myſelf and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counſellor,
Is to himſelf, I will not ſay, how true;
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,

So

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So far from ſounding and diſcovery:
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet wings to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.
Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give Cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: ſo pleaſe you, ſtep aſide;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.
Mon. I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay
To hear true ſhrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exe.*
Ben. Good-morrow, couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtruck nine.
Rom. Ah me, ſad hours ſeem long!
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?
Rom. Not having. That, which, having, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out——
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love?
Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee path-ways to his ill!
Where ſhall we dine?——O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh, any thing of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!

This

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This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Rom. Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.——
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them preſt
With more of thine; this love, that thou haſt ſhewn,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet:
Farewel, my couſin. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have loſt myſelf, I am not here;
This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love?
Rom. What, ſhall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no; but ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will?—
O word, ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill!——
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man;——and ſhe's fair, I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. But, in that hit, you miſs;—ſhe'll not be hit
With *Cupid*'s arrow; ſhe hath *Dian*'s wit:
And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow, ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor 'bide th' encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold.
O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,

That

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That when she dies, with her dies Beauty's Store.
Bru. Then she hath sworn, that she will live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that Sparing makes huge waste.
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair;
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other Beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquisite) in question more;
Those happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a mistress, that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and Servant.*

Cap. AND *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you Both,
And, pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long:
But now, my lord, what say you to my Suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:

My

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My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the Change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe.
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
If ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old-accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
* Earth-treading ſtars that make dark Even light.
Such comfort as do luſty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female-buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, tho' in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, ſirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*; find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there; and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.

[*Exeunt* Capulet *and* Paris.

Ser. Find them out, whoſe names are written here?——It is written, that the Shoe-maker ſhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tailor with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Pencil, and the Painter with his

* *Earth-treading ſtars that make dark* heaven's *light.*] This ſhould be reformed thus,

Earth-treading ſtars that make dark Even *light.* *Warb.*

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Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe Perſons, whoſe names are here writ; and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the Learned.——In good time,——

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's Anguiſh:
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cure with another's Languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poiſon of the oil will die.

Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for That.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented: and——Good-e'en, good fellow. [*To the Servant.*

Ser. God gi' good e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray,
Can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly. reſt you merry.——

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

SIGNIOR Martino, *and his wife and daughter: Count* Anſelm *and his beauteous ſiſters; the lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely neices;* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters; my fair niece* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.
A fair aſſembly; whither ſhould they come?

Ser.

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Ser. Up.——

Rom. Whither?

Ser. To ſupper, to our houſe.

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have aſkt you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without aſking. My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the Houſe of *Montagues*, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame ancient Feaſt of *Capulet's*
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all th' admired beauties of *Verona*.
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſhoods, then turn tears to fires!
And theſe, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Tranſparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing Sun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by;
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf, in either eye:
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales, let there be weigh'd
Your Lady's love againſt ſome other maid,
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at the feaſt;
And ſhe will ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt.

Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn;
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

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Nurſe. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve Years old) I bade her come; what, lamb——What, lady-bird, God forbid!—where's this girl? what, *Juliet?*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter——Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in ſecret; Nurſe, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel: thou know'ſt, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurſe. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my teen be it ſpoken, I have but four;) ſhe's not fourteen; how long is it now to *Lammas*-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurſe. Even or odd, of all the days in the year, come *Lammas*-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen. *Suſan* and ſhe (God reſt all chriſtian ſouls!) were of an age. Well, *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid on *Lammas*-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years, and ſhe was wean'd; I never ſhall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, ſitting in the Sun under the Dove-houſe wall, my lord and you were then at *Mantua*——nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I ſaid, when it did taſte the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to ſee it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the Dove-houſe——'twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge; and ſince that time it is eleven years, for then ſhe could ſtand alone; nay, by th' rood, ſhe could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my huſband,

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husband, (God be with his soul, a' was a merry man;) took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not, *Julé?* and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; To see now, how a jest shall come about.——I warrant, an' I should live a thousand years, I should not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and, pretty fool, it stinted, and said, ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, ay; and yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age, wilt thou not, *Julé?* it stinted, and said, ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, nurse, say, I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest Babe, that e'er I nurst.
An' I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou had'st suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;

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The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his love.

Nurſe. A man, young lady, lady, ſuch a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What ſay you, can you like the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt;
Read o'er the Volume of young *Paris*' Face,
And find Delight writ there with Beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry ſev'ral Lineament,
And ſee, how one another lends Content:
And what obſcur'd in this fair Volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his Eyes.
This precious book of Love, this unbound Lover,
To beautify him only lacks a Cover.
The fiſh lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride,
For Fair without the Fair within to hide.
That book in many Eyes doth ſhare the Glory,
That in gold claſps locks in the golden Story.
So, ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making yourſelf no leſs.

Nurſe. No leſs? Nay, bigger; Women grow by Men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris*' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you call'd, my young lady aſk'd for, the nurſe curſt in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtrait.

La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County ſtays.

Nurſe. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE V.

A Street before Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſix other maſkers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. WHAT, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of ſuch porlixity.
We'll have no *Cupid*, hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a *Tartar*'s painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor a without-book prologue faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the Light.
Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing ſhoes
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a Lover; borrow *Cupid*'s Wings,
And ſoar with them above a common Bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his Shaft,
To ſoar with his light Feathers: and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull Woe:
Under Love's heavy burden do I ſink.
Mer. And to ſink in it, ſhould you burden Love:
Too great Oppreſſion for a tender Thing!
Rom. Is Love a tender Thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like Thorn.
Mer. If Love be rough with you, be rough with Love;
Prick Love for pricking, and you beat Love down.
Give me a Caſe to put my viſage in?

[*Pulling off his Maſk.*

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A Visor for a Visor?——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire-phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! *dun's the mouse*, the constable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, save your reverence, Love, wherein thou stickest
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in That, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well; what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. ——In bed asleep; while they do dream things true.
Mer. * O then I see, Queen *Mab* hath been with you. She

* *O, then I see, Queen* Mab *hath been with you,*
She is the Fairies' *midwife.*] Thus begins that admirable Speech upon the Effects of the Imagination in Dreams. But, Queen *Mab* the Fairies' Midwife? What is she then Queen of? Why, the Fairies. What! and their *Midwife* too? *Shakespear* certainly wrote ——*the* Fancy's *Midwife*: And this is a proper Title, as it introduces all that is said afterwards of her *Vagaries*. Besides, it exactly quadrates with these Lines:

——*I talk*

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She is the Fancy's midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grashoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:
And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies strait:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who strait dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry *Mab* with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
* Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

———*I talk of* Dreams;
Which are the Children of an idle Brain,
Begot of nothing but vain Fantasy.

* *Sometimes she gallops o'er a* Lawyer's *nose,*
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:] The old Editions have it, *Courtier's nose;* and this undoubtedly is the true Reading: and for these Reasons. First, In the present Reading there is a vicious Repetition in this fine Speech; the same Thought having been given in a foregoing *Line,*

O'er Lawyer's *Fingers who strait dream on Fees:*

Nor can it be objected that there will be the same Fault if we read *Courtier's*, it having been said before,—*On* Courtiers' *knees*, &c.—— because they are shewn in two Places under different Views: in the first, their *Foppery;* in the second, their *Rapacity* is rediculed. Secondly, In our Author's Time, a Court-solicitation was called, simply, a *Suit:* and a Process, a *Suit at Law,* to distinguish it from the other. *Warb.*

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And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies a-ſleep;
Then dreams he of another Benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
And being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
And cakes the elf-locks in foul ſlutiſh hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear;
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe——

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſy;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind; who woos
Ev'n now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late. [ſelves;

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the Stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a diſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſuit! On, luſty Gentlemen.

Ben.

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Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Hall in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Servants, with Napkins.

1 *Ser.* WHERE's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away; he ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!

2 *Ser.* When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Ser.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, ſave me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*. *Antony*, and *Potpan*——

2 *Ser.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Ser.* You are look'd for, call'd for, aſk'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Ser.* We cannot be here and there too; cheerly, boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter all the Gueſts and Ladies, with the maſkers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Ah me, my miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty,
I'll ſware, hath corns; am I come near you now?
Welcome, all, Gentlemen; I've ſeen the day
That I have worn a viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!
[*Muſic plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah,

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Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit; nay, ſit, good couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:
How long is't now ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much;
'Tis ſince the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we maſk'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his ſon is elder, Sir:
His ſon is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's That, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop*'s ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of Stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forſwear it, ſight;
I never ſaw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice ſhould be a *Montague*.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what! dares the ſlave
Come hither cover'd with an antic face,
To ſleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinſman, wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A villain, that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.

Cap.

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Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?
Tyb. That villain *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And, to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.
Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy—I say, he shall. Go to——
Am I the master here, or you? go to———
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop? you'll be the man?
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy —is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what.
You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts: —You are a Princox, go: —
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for shame)
I'll make you quiet—What? cheerly, my hearts.
Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different Greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.
Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*To* Juliet.
* This holy shrine, the gentle Fine is this;
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,

* *This holy shrine, the gentle* Sin *is this,*]
Our Poet certainly wrote, ——— *the gentle* Fine *is this.*

To

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To ſmooth that rough Touch with a tender kiſs.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For Saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiſs.

Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray, (grant thou) leſt faith turn to deſpair.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' ſake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine, my ſin is purg'd.
[*Kiſſing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips, the ſin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O treſpaſs, ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.

Jul. You kiſs by th' book.

Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother? [*To her Nurſe.*

Nurſe. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talkt withal:
I tell you, he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.

Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.

Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
Is it e'en ſo? why, then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt Gentlemen, good-night:
More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, ſirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.
I'll to my Reſt. [*Exeunt.*

Jul.

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Jul. Come hither, nurſe. What is yon gentleman?
Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old *Tiberio.*
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurſe. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio.*
Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?
Nurſe. I know not.
Jul. Go, aſk his name.—If he be married,
My Grave is like to be my wedding-bed.
Nurſe. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.
Nurſe. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nurſe. Anon' anon———
Come, let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old Deſire doth on his death bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir:
That Fair, which love groan'd ſore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitch'd by the charm of looks:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe, as much in love, her means much leſs,
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them power, Time means, to meet;
Temp'ring extremities with extreme ſweet.
[*Exit* Chorus.

ACT

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ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Romeo alone.

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my couſin *Romeo.*

Mer. He is wiſe,
And, on my life, hath ſtoll'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall.
Call, good *Mercutio.*

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Romeo!* humours! mad-man! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a Sigh,
Speak but one Rhyme, and I am ſatisfied.
Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my goſſip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name to her pur-blind ſon and heir:
(Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid——)
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.
I conjure thee by *Roſaline*'s bright eyes,
By her high fore-head, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeaſns that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Ben. An' if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him,
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand

'Till

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'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That where ſome ſpight. My invocation is
Honeſt and fair, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
To be conforted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good-night; I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Capulet' *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. HE jeſts at ſcars, that never felt a wound—
But, ſoft! what light thro, yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Juliet* is the Sun!

[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*

Ariſe, fair Sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious:
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off——
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes; I will anſwer it——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes

To

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To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars.
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing and think it were not night:
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks.
Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this Sight being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
Unto the white-upturned, wond'ring, eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him;
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*——wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?
[*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyſelf, though not a *Montague*.
What's *Montague*? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face——nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title: *Romeo*, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul.

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Jul. What man art thou, that thus, beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear Saint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?
Rom. Neither, fair Saint, if either thee diſlike.
Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world, they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloke to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far

As

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As that vaſt ſhore, waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.
Jul. Thou know'ſt the maſk of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden-bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form: fain, fain, deny
What I have ſpoke—but farewel compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know, thou wilt ſay, *ay;*
And I will take thy word—yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
Then ſay, *Jove* laughs. Oh, gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if you think, I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee *nay*,
So thou wilt woo: but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light;
But truſt me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's Paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered,
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops——
Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my true heart's love——
Jul. Well, do not ſwear—although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;

It

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It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, it lightens——Sweet, good-night.
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet:
Good-night, good-night,—as sweet Repose and Rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didst request it:
And yet I would, it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse:——Sweet *Montague*, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. *Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good-night indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within:* Madam.

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I come, anon——but if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee——[*Within:* Madam.] By and by,
I come——
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I ſend.

Rom. So thrive my ſoul,——

Jul. A thouſand times good-night. [*Exit.*

Rom A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light,
Love goes tow'rd love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
But love from love, tow'rds ſchool with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hiſt! *Romeo*, hiſt! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſic to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My Sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then,—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there;
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,

And

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And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good-night, good-night. Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good-night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!
'Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friar's cloſe Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *with a baſket.*

Fri. THE grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light:
And darkneſs flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path, and *Titan*'s burning wheels.
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt fill up this oſier-cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying Grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities.
Nor nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give:
Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true Birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.

Virtue

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Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime by action's dignified.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
Poiſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt, with that ſenſe cheers each part:
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
* Two ſuch oppoſed Kin encamp them ſtill
In man, as well as herbs, Grace and rude Will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full-ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good-morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head
So ſoon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And, where care lodgeth, ſleep will never lie:
But where unburiſed youth with unſtuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art uprous'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter Reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with *Roſaline*?

Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father? no.
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good ſon: but where haſt thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou aſk it me again;
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſic lies;

* *Two ſuch oppoſed* foes——] This is a modern Sophiſtication. The old Books have it *oppoſed*—— kings. So that it appears, *Shakeſpear* wrote, *Two ſuch oppoſed* kin. Warb.

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I bear no hatred, bleſſed man, for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet;*
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd; ſave what you muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us this day.
Fri. Holy ſaint *Francis,* what a change is here!
In *Roſaline,* whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheeks for *Roſaline?*
How much ſalt-water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte?
The Sun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear, that is not waſh'd off yet.
If e'er thou waſt thyſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline.*
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.
Rom. Thou chid'ſt me oft for loving *Roſaline.*
Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.
Fri. Not in a Grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: ſhe, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fri. Oh, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell.

But

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But come, young waverer, come and go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be!
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſhold-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble that run faſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the STREET.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. WHERE the devil ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that ſame pale, hard-hearted, wench, that *Roſaline*, torments him ſo, that he will, ſure, run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet*,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More than prince of cats?——Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you ſing prick-ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom; the very butcher of a ſilk button, a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the

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the firſt and ſecond cauſe; ah, the immortal paſſado, the punto reverſo, the, hay!——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antic, liſping, affected phantaſies, theſe new tuners of accents:—Jeſu! a very good blade!——a very tall man!——a very good whore!——Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire! that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardonnez-moy's*, who ſtand ſo much on the new form that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? O, their *bon's*, their *bon's!*

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchin-wench; marry, ſhe had a better love to be-rhyme her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipſy, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: * *Thiſbe* a grey eye or ſo: But now to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*; there's a *French* ſalutation to your *French* Slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you Both: What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curt'ſy.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

* Thiſbe *a grey Eye or ſo, but* not *to the Purpoſe.*] We ſhould read and point it thus,

Thiſbe *a grey Eye or ſo: But* now *to the Purpoſe.*

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Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſy.

Rom. Pink for flower.——

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit—follow me this jeſt, now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt,
Solely ſingular, for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs,
Switch and ſpurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love? Now thou art ſociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this driveling love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer.

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Mer. Thou desireſt me to ſtop in my tale, againſt the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it ſhort; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe, *and* Peter *her Man.*

Rom. Here's goodly Geer: a Sail! a Sail!

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nurſe. Peter,——

Peter. Anon?

Nurſe. My Fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurſe. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurſe. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth, it is well ſaid: for himſelf to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo.*

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well?
Very well took, i'faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If you be he, Sir,
I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!——

Rom. What haſt thou found?

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Mer. No hare, Sir, unleſs a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent. An old hare hoar and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in *Lent*.

But a hare, that is hoar, is too much for a ſcore, when it hoars ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady;

Farewel, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurſe. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy merchant was this, that was ſo full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk, and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an' he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch *Jacks:* and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his ſkains-mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure? [*To her man.*

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers——Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom.

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Rom. Commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee——

Nurſe. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at friar *Laurence*' Cell
Be ſhriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, Sir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abby-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords, made like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurſe. Now, God in heav'n bleſs thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What ſayeſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? did you ne'er hear ſay,
Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, Sir, my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady; lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—O,—there is a noble man in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her, that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the verſal world. Doth not Roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurſe, what of that? both with an R.

Nurſe. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is

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for Thee? No; I know, it begins with another letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady—— [*Exit* Rom.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. *Peter*,——

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

Changes to Capulet's *House.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. THE clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him—That's not so—
Oh, she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve
Is three long hours—and yet she is not come;
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me;

Enter Nurse, *with* Peter.

O God, she comes. O honey Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.

Jul. Now, good sweet Nurse,——
O lord, why look'st thou sad?
Tho' news be sad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news,

By

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By playing 't to me with ſo ſour a face,
Nurſe. I am a weary, let me reſt a while;
Fie, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news!
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak—Good, good nurſe, ſpeak.
Nurſe. Jeſu! what haſte? Can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath,
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
Th' Excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the Tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?
Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no, not he; * though his face be no better than another man's, yet his legs excel all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare. He is not the flower of courteſy, but I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb——Go thy ways, wench, ſerve God—What, have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no—but all this did I know before:
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o'th' other ſide—O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.
Jul. I'faith, I am ſorry that thou art ſo ill.
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me what ſays my love?

* *Though his Face be* better than any *Man's*;] We ſhould read, *be* no better than another *Man's*.

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Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? how odly thou reply'ſt!
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman:——
Where is your mother?——

Nurſe. O, God's lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry, come up, I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your meſſages yourſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil; come, what ſays *Romeo*?

Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar *Laurence*' cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's-neſt ſoon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune;—honeſt nurſe, farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Romeo.

Fri. SO ſmile the heav'ns upon this holy Act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,

It

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It is enough, I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth ſo:
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
A lover may beſtride the goſſamour,
That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.
Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich muſic's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happineſs, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to ſuch Exceſs,
I cannot ſum up one half of my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
'Till Holy Church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and Servants.*

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, God send me no need of thee! and by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the Drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an' there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hasel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling: thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben.

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Ben. If I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mar. The fee-ſimple; O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them. Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*——

Mer. Conſort! what doſt thou make us minſtrels? if thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's That, ſhall make you dance. Zounds! conſort!

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go firſt to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the love, I bear thee, can afford

No

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No better term than this, thou art a villain.——
Rom. Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a Greeting: villain I am none.
Therefore, farewel; I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.
Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the Injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and draw.
Rom. I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe;
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love.
And ſo, good *Capulet*, (whoſe name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be ſatisfied.
Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Ah! la Stoccata carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
Tyb. What wouldſt thou have with me?
Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight, *Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilche by the ears? Make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.
Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.
Mer. Come, Sir, your paſſado.
[Mercutio *and* Tybalt *fight.*
Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*—beat down their weapons—
Gentlemen——for ſhame, forbear this outrage——
Tybalt—Mercutio——the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreets.
Hold, *Tybalt*,—good *Mercutio*. [*Exit* Tybalt.
Mer. I am hurt——
A plague of both the houſes! I am ſped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?
Ben. What, art thou hurt?

* *Will you pluck your ſword out of his* Pilcher *by the ears?*] We ſhould read *Pilche*, which ſignifies a Cloke or a Coat of Skins, meaning the Scabbard. *Warb.*

Mer.

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Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my pa ge? go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: aſk for me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houſes! What? a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint; a plague o' both your houſes!
They have made worms-meat of me,
I have it, and ſouudly too. Plague o' your houſes!
[*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benvolio.

SCENE II.

Rom. THIS Gentleman, the Prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tybalt*'s ſlander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my couſin: O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valour's ſteel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend;
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. Alive? in Triumph? and *Mercutio* ſlain?
Away

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Away to heav'n, reſpective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for *Mercutio*'s ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.

Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This ſhall determine that.

[*They fight*, Tybalt *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, begone!
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlain——
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.

Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* Romeo.

SCENE III.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. WHICH way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*? *Tybalt*, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, *their Wives*, &c.

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can diſcover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, ſlain by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman, brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. Tybalt my couſin! O my brother's child!—
Unhappy ſight! alas, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman——Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Montague*.

Prince. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben.

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Ben. *Tybalt* here ſlain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did ſlay:
Romeo, that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humble bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold *Mercutio*'s breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the *Montague*.
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for juſtice, which thou, Prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.

Prince. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend;
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prince.

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Prince. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your heats' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrange a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes,
Nor tears nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes;
Therefore uſe none; let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* manſion; ſuch a waggoner,
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love performing Night,
That th' Run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe arms, untalk'd of and unſeen.
Lovers can ſee to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; 'till ſtrange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, night, come, *Romeo!* come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than ſnow upon a raven's back:
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night! Give

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Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he will make the face of heav'n ſo fine,
That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.
O, I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſſeſs'd it; and though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd; ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſe!

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings news; and every tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeo*'s name, ſpeaks heav'nly eloquence;
Now, nurſe, what news? what haſt thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nurſe. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me, what news?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands?

Nurſe. Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone.——
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?

Nurſe. Romeo can,
Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo! Romeo!*
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*

Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but, I;
And that bare vowel, I, ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
(God ſave the mark,) here on his manly breaſt.
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,

A

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All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart——poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty:
Vile earth to earth resign, and motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt*, honest gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary!
Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then let the trumpet sound the general Doom,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand shed *Tybalt*'s blood?

Nurse. It did, it did, alas, the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent-heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven! Wolvish-ravening Lamb!
Despised substance, of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned Saint, an honourable villain!
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the Spirit of a fiend
In mortal Paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty, in men; all perjured;
All, all forsworn; all naught; and all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me some *Aqua vitæ*——
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old!

Shame

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Shame come to *Romeo!*
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not borne to shame;
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide him so?
Nurse. Will you speak well of him, that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him, that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours-wife, have mangled it!
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that *Tybalt* would have slain;
And *Tybalt's* dead, that would have kill'd my husband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than *Tybalt's* death,
That murder'd me; I would forget it, fain;
But, oh! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds;
Tybalt *is dead, and* Romeo *banish'd!*
That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt's* death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said, *Tybalt's dead*,
Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both?*
But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt's* death,
Romeo *is banished*——to speak that word,
Is, father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All slain, all dead!——Romeo *is banished!*
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In

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In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*'s coarse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s banishment.
Take up those Cords;——poor Ropes, you are beguil'd;
Both You and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd.
He made You for a high-way to my Bed:
But I, a maid, die Maiden widowed.
Come, Cord; come, Nurse; I'll to my wedding-Bed;
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well, where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence*' cell.
Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.
Rom. What less than doom's-day is the Prince's doom?

Fri.

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Fri. * A gentler judgment even'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment! be merciful, ſay, death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: Do not ſay, baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona*'s walls,
† But purgatory, Tartar, Hell itſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. That baniſhed
Is death miſ-termed: calling death baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment.
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her;
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*; they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
(Which even in pure and veſtal modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin)
This may flies do, when I from this muſt fly;

* *A gentler judgment* vaniſh'd *form his lips,*] Without Doubt, *Shakeſpear* wrote,—*A gentler judgment* even'd *from his lips*, *i. e.* came equitably from his Lips. *Warb.*

† *But purgatory,* torture, *hell itſelf.*] *Place* is the Subject here ſpoken of, as appears from the preceding Words, *There is no World*, &c. I think therefore that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

But Purgatory, Tartar, *Hell itſelf.* Warb.

(And

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(And say'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?)
But *Romeo* may not;——he is baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no Poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, tho' ne'er ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? baniſhed?
O Friar, the Damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hadſt thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, baniſhment?
Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me ſpeak.——
Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet, baniſhed? hang up philoſophy:
Unleſs philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——
Fri. O, then I ſee that mad-men have no ears.
Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed;
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.
[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*
Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thyſelf.
[*Knock within.*
Rom. Not I, unleſs the breath of heart ſick Groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the Search of Eyes. [*Knock.*
Fri

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Fri. Hark, how they knock!—(who's there?)—
Romeo, ariſe.
Thou wilt be taken——(ſtay a while)——ſtand up;
[*Knocks.*
Run to my Study—(By and by)—God's will!
What wilfulneſs is this?—I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurſe. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? Where's *Romeo?*

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurſe. O he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament! even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, ſtand up;——Stand, an' you be a Man:
For *Juliet*'s Sake, for her Sake, riſe and ſtand.
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an oh!—

Rom. Nurſe!——

Nurſe. Ah Sir! ah Sir!—Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old murderer,
Now I have ſtain'd the child-hood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
* My conſeal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

* *My* conceal'd *lady to our cancell'd love?*] An Antitheſis or Oppoſition was here intended: But what Oppoſition is there between *conceal'd* and *cancell'd?* Beſides, *ſhe* was not *conceal'd* tho' he was. We ſhould read, ——*My* conceal'd. *lady to our cancell'd love?* And then the Oppoſition is evident, and the Senſe exact. *Warb.*

Nurſe.

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Nurſe. O, ſhe ſays nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up;
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's curſed hand
Murder'd her kinſman.——Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*Drawing his Sword.*

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
* Unſeemly Woman in a ſeeming Man!
An ill-beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming Groth!
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned Hate upon thyſelf? [Earth,
† Why rail'ſt thou on thy Birth, the Heaven, and

* *Unſeemly Woman in a ſeeming Man!*
' And *ill beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming* both!] This ſtrange Nonſenſe Mr. *Pope* threw out of his Edition for deſperate. But it is eaſily reſtored as *Shakeſpear* wrote it into good pertinent Senſe.

Unſeemly Woman in a ſeeming Man!
An *ill beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming* groth!

i. e. You have the *ill beſeeming* Paſſions of a Brute Beaſt in the well-ſeeming Shape of a Rational Creature. *Warb.*

† *Why rail'ſt thou on thy Birth, the Heav'n and Earth,*
Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three do *meet,*
In thee at once, *which thou at once would'ſt loſe?*] Theſe were again thrown out by Mr. *Pope*, and for the ſame Reaſon: But they are eaſily ſet right, We ſhould read,

Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three ſo *meet,*
In thee atone; *which then at once would loſe.*

i. e. Why rail you at your *Birth*, and at *Heaven*, and *Earth*, which are all *ſo meet*, or auſpicious to you: And all three your Friends, [*all three in thee atone*] and yet you would loſe them all by one raſh Stroke *Warb.*

Since

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Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three ſo meet,
In thee atone; which Thou at once would'ſt loſe?
Fie! fie! thou ſham'ſt thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit,
Which, like an Uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed, [Wit.
Which ſhould bedeck thy Shape, thy Love, thy
Thy noble Shape is but a Form of Wax,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a Man;
Thy dear Love ſworn, but hollow Perjury,
Killing that Love, which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the Conduct of them Both,
Like Powder in a ſkill-leſs Soldier's Flaſk,
Is ſet on Fire by thine own Ignorance,
And thou diſmember'd with thine own Defence.
What, rouſe thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt;* there thou'rt happy too.
The law, that threatned death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy;
A pack of bleſſings light upon thy back,
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array.
But, like a miſbehav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But, look, thou ſtay not 'till the Watch be ſet;
For then thou canſt not paſs to *Mantua:*
Where thou ſhalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy,
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurſe; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,

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Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming. [long,
Nurſe. O lord, I could have ſtaid here all night
To hear good counſel: oh, what Learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do ſo, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.
Nurſe. Here, Sir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewel, good-night.
Rom. But that a joy, paſt joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. THINGS have fallen out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I.——Well, we were born to die.——
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night.
I promiſe you, but for your Company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good-night; commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her Mind early to-morrow:
To-night ſhe's mew'd up to her heavineſs.
Cap. * Sir *Paris*, I will make a ſeparate tender

* *Sir* Paris, *I will make a* deſperate *tender*
Of my child's love:——] This was but an indifferent Compliment both to Sir *Paris* and his Daughter: As if there were ſmall Hopes of her ever proving good for any Thing. We ſhould read,
Sir Paris, *I will make a* ſeparate *tender.* *Warb.*

Of

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Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my son *Paris'* love,
And bid her, mark you me, on *Wednesday* next,——
But, soft; what day is this?

Par. *Monday*, my lord.

Cap. *Monday*? Ha! ha! well, *Wednesday* is too soon,
On *Thursday* let it be: o' *Thursday*, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble Earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this Haste?
We'll keep no great a-do——a friend or two——
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsmen, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday*?

Par. My lord, I would that *Thursday* were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone——on *Thursday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [*To lady* Cap.
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewel, my lord—light to my chamber, hoa!
'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by. Good-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Juliet's *Chamber looking to the Garden.*

Enter Rome *and* Juliet, *above at a window; and a ladder of ropes set.*

Jul. WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;

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Nightly she sings on yon pomgranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
It is some meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay, than will to go.
Come death, and welcome: *Juliet* wills it so.
How is't, my Soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so: for she divideth us.
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
* O, now I wot they had chang'd voices too!
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—More dark and dark our Woes.

* *O now I* would *they had chang'd voices too!*] The *Toad* having very fine eyes, and the *Lark* very ugly ones, was the Occasion of a common Saying among the People, that '*the Toad and Lark had changed Eyes.* To this the Speaker alludes. How natural was it for her after this to add,

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I wot *they had chang'd voices too.* Warb.

Enter

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Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Madam,——
Jul. Nurſe?
Nurſe. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about. [*Exit* Nurſe.
Jul. Then, Window, let Day in, and let Life out.
Rom. Farewel, farewel; one Kiſs, and I'll deſcend.
[*Romeo* deſcends.
Jul. Art thou gone ſo? love! lord! ah huſband! friend!
I muſt hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.
Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes, in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill divining ſoul.——
Methinks, I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.
[*Exit* Romeo.

SCENE VIII.

Jul. O Fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune:
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?

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Jul. Who is't, that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet?*
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his Grave with tears?
An' if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some Grief ſhews much of Love;
But much of Grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of Wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.
La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the Loſs, but not the Friend
Which you do weep for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the Loſs,
I cannot chuſe but ever weep the Friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, Madam?
La. Cap. That ſame villain, *Romeo.*
Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my Heart:
And, yet, No Man like He doth grieve my Heart.
La. Cap. That is, becauſe the Traitor lives.
Jul. I, Madam, from the Reach of theſe my hands:——
'Would, None but I might venge my Couſin's Death!
La. Cap. We will have Vengeance for it, fear Thou not:——
Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where That ſame baniſh'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd Dram,
That he ſhall ſoon keep *Tybalt* Company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him——dead——

Is

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Is my poor heart ſo for a Kinſman vext.
Madam, if You could find out but a Man
To bear a poiſon, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould upon receipt thereof
Soon ſleep in Quiet.——O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd.——and cannot come to him——
To wreak the Love I bore my ſlaughter'd Couſin,
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find thou the Means, and I'll find ſuch a Man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful Tidings, Girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time.
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child:
One, who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thurſday* morn,
The gallant, young and noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at St. *Peter*'s church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St. *Peter*'s church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that muſt be huſband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet: and when I do,
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*.——Theſe are news, indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him ſo yourſelf,
And ſee, how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the Air doth drizzle Dew;

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But for the Sunset of my Brother's Son
It rains downright.——
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears;
Evermore show'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood: the winds thy sighs,
Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body——How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks:
I would, the fool were married to her Grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud, doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! Chop Logic? What is This?
Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
And yet not proud!—Why, Mistress Minion, You,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst *Thursday* next,
To go with *Paris* to St. *Peter*'s church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness-carrion! Out; you baggage!
You Tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie, what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with Patience, but to speak a word.

Cap.

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Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thursday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God hath sent us but this only child;
But now I see this One is one too much,
And that we have a Curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!———
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady Wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason—O, god-ye-good-den—
May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeasns, youthful, and nobly-allied,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's Tender,
To answer, I'll not wed,——I cannot love,——
I am too young,—I pray you pardon me———
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise;

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If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i' th' ſtreets;
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall ever do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God! O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My huſband is on Earth; my Faith in Heav'n;
How ſhall that Faith return again to Earth,
Unleſs that Huſband ſend it me from Heav'n,
By leaving Earth?——Comfort me, counſel me,
Alack, alack, that heav'n ſhould practiſe ſtrategems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf!
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurſe——

Nurſe. Faith, here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands, as now it doth,
I think it beſt, you married with the Count.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him: an eagle, Madam,
Hath not ſo keen, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living hence, and you no uſe of him.

Jul. Speak'ſt thou from thy heart?

Nurſe.

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Nurſe. And from my Soul too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Jul. Amen.
Nurſe. What?
Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much.
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Lawrence*' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolved.
Nurſe. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done.
[*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient Damnation! O moſt wicked Fiend!
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? go, Counſellor,———
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy:
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die, [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Paris.

FRIAR.

ON *Thurſday*, Sir! the time is very ſhort.
Par. My father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind?
Uneven in this courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalt*'s death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,

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To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte?
Fri. I would, I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
[*Aſide.*
Look, Sir, here comes the lady to my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady and my wife!
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, Love, on *Thurſday*
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be. [next.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer That, were to confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now.
My lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion:
Juliet, on *Thurſday* early will I rouſe you:
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs.
[*Exit* Paris.
Jul.

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Jul. Go, ſhut the door, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It ſtrains me paſt the Compaſs of my Wits.
I hear, you muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wiſdom thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo*'s; thou, our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As That is deſp'rate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thyſelf,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf, to 'ſcape from it:
And if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;

Or

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Or ſhut me nightly in a carnel houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's ratling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſkulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;
(Things; that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;)
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give conſent
To marry *Paris*; *Wedneſday* is to-morrow;
To-morrow Night, look, that thou lie alone.
(Let not thy Nurſe lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in Bed,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off;
When preſently through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſy humour, which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no Pulſe ſhall keep
His nat'ral progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat.
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liveſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each Part, depriv'd of ſupple Government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold appear like Death:
And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our Country is,
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's Grave:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I

Will

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Will watch thy Waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
And This shall free thee from this present Shame,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.

[*Taking the phial.*

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this Resolve; I'll send a Friar with speed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength, and strength shall help afford.
Farewel, dear father! — [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Capulet's *House.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *Nurse, and two or three Servants.*

Cap. SO many Guests invite, as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Ser. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time:
What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence*?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from Shrift with merry Look.

Cap.

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Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To You and your Beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon: Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence*' cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of Modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up;
This is as't ſhould be; let me ſee the County:
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
* All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thurſday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her; we'll to Church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe*.

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone:
I'll play the houſewife for this once—What, ho!
They are all forth; well, I will walk myſelf
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward girl is ſo reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt* Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

**All our whole city is much bound to* him.] Without doubt *Shakeſpear* wrote,——*much bound to* hymn.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Changes to Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. AY, thoſe attires are beſt; but, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee, leave me to myſelf to-night:
For I have need of many Oriſons
To move the heav'ns to ſmile upon my State,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs, and full of Sin.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you buſy, do you need my help?
Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you:
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.
La. Cap. Good-night,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Farewel—God knows, when we ſhall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurſe—what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone:
Come, phial—What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it; lie thou there—
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
What if it be a poiſon, which the Frair
Subtly hath miniſtred, to have me dead,
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo?*

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I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man,—
How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
And there be ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried Anceſtors are packt;
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort—)
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.—
Or, if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
(Environed with all theſe hideous fears,)
And madly play with my fore-fathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhroud?
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
O look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out *Romeo*, that did ſpit his Body
Upon a Rapier's Point ——Stay, *Tybalt*, ſtay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. HOLD, take theſe keys and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nurſe.

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Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curfue-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the bak'd Meats, good *Angelica.*
Spare not for coſt.

Nurſe. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow,
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now
All night for a leſs cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you, from ſuch watching, now.

[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood——
Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with ſpits, and logs, and baſkets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haſte, make haſte; Sirrah, fetch drier logs,
Call *Peter,* he will ſhew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. 'Maſs, and well ſaid, a merry whoreſon, ha!
Thou ſhalt be logger-head.—good faith, 'tis day.

[*Play muſic.*

The County will be here with muſic ſtraight,
For ſo, he ſaid, he would. I hear him near.
Nurſe,—wife,—what, ho! what, nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go, waken *Juliet,* go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris:* hie, make haſte,

Make

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Make haſte, the Bride-groom he is come already;
Make haſte, I ſay.

[*Exeunt* Capulet *and Nurſe, ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

Chenges to Juliet's *Chamber*, Juliet *on a bed.*

Re-enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. MISTRESS,—what, miſtreſs! *Juliet*—
Faſt, I warrant her,
Why, lamb—why, lady—Fie, you ſlug-a-bed——
Why, love, I ſay——Madam, ſweet-heart——why, bride——
What, not a word! you take your penyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his Reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little—God forgive me—
Marry, and amen!——How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed——
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your clothes—and down again?
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady——
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua vitæ*, ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What's the matter?
Nurſe. Look,——oh heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee;
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame, bring *Juliet* forth; her lord is come.

Nurſe.

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Nurſe. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead: alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me ſee her——Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff:
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flow'r of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurſe. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful Time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my Tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O ſon, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife: ſee, there ſhe lies,
Flow'r as ſhe was, deflower'd now by him:
Death is my ſon-in-law.——

Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this!

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that Time e'er ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.

Nurſe. O woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
Oh woful day, oh woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain,
Moſt deteſtable Death, by Three beguil'd,

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By cruel, cruel Thee quite over-thrown:—
O Love, O Life, not Life, but Love in Death!—
Cap. Despis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable Time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murder, murder our Solemnity?
O Child! O Child! My Soul, and not my Child!
Dead art Thou! dead; alack! my Child is dead;
And, with my Child, my Joys are buried.
Fri. Peace, ho, for Shame! Confuſion's Cure lives not
In theſe Confuſions: Heaven and Yourſelf
Had Part in this fair Maid; now Heav'n hath All;
And All the better is it for the Maid.
Your Part in her you could not keep from Death;
But Heav'n keeps his Part in eternal Life.
The moſt, you ſought, was her Promotion;
For 'twas your Heav'n, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep you now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the Clouds, as high as Heav'n himſelf?
Oh, in this Love you love your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing, that ſhe is well.
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But ſhe's beſt married, that dies married young.
Dry up your Tears, and ſtick your Roſemary
On this fair Coarſe; and, as the Cuſtom is,
And in her beſt Array, bear her to Church,
For tho' ſome Nature bids us all lament,
Yet Nature's Tears are Reaſon's Merriment.
Cap. All things, that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their Office to black Funeral;
Our Inſtruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding Cheer to a ſad Funeral Feaſt;
Our ſolemn Hymns to ſullen Dirges change,
Our bridal Flow'rs ſerve for a buried Coarſe;
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir *Paris;* every one prepare
To follow this fair Coarſe unto her Grave.

The

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The Heav'ns do low'r upon you, for ſome Ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high Will.
[*Exeunt* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Paris, *and* Friar.

SCENE VI.

Manent Muſicians and Nurſe.

Muſ. FAITH, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows: ah, put up, put up; For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe.
[*Exit Nurſe.*

Muſ. Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſicians, oh muſicians, *heart's eaſe, heart's eaſe:*
Oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's eaſe.*

Muſ. Why, *heart's eaſe?*

Pet. O muſicians, becauſe my heart itſelf plays, *my heart itſelf is full of woe.* O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me!

Muſ. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Muſ. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

Muſ. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek: I will give you the Minſtrel.

Muſ. Then will I give you the Serving Creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the Serving Creature's Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?

Muſ. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Muſ.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron Wit, and put up my iron dagger:

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dagger:——anſwer me like men:
When griping grief the heart doth wound,
Then muſic with her ſilver ſound——
Why, *ſilver ſound?* why, *muſic with her ſilver ſound?*
What ſay you, *Simon Catling?*

Muſ. Marry, Sir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Pretty! what ſay you? *Hugh Rebeck?*

2 *Muſ.* I ſay, ſilver ſound, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too! what ſay you, *Samuel Soundboard?*

3 *Muſ.* Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *finger*. I will *ſay* for you. It is muſic with her ſilver ſound, becauſe ſuch fellows, as you, have no gold for ſounding.
The muſic with her ſilver ſound
Doth lend redreſs. [*Exit ſinging.*

Muſ. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Muſ.* Hang him, *Jack*; come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA.

Enter ROMEO.

IF I may truſt the flattering ruth of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his Throne,
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)

* *If I may truſt the flattering* Truth *of ſleep.*] *Shakeſpear* wrote, *If I may truſt the flattering* Ruth *of ſleep*, i. e. Pity. The compaſſionate Advertiſement of Sleep. *Warb.*

And

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And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possest,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from *Verona*——How now, *Balthasar*?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet*? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in *Capulets'* monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, Stars!
Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit* Balthasar.
Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to-night;
Let's see for means——O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks;

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Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuft, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself, I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut:
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead;
And that the Trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua*'s law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap.

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Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.——
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To *Juliet*'s grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. HOLY *Franciscan* Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence *to him.*

Law. This same should be the voice of Friar *John.*—
Welcome from *Mantua;* what says *Romeo?*
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our Order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick;
And finding him, the Searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.
Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo?*
John. I could not send it; here it is again;
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

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Law. Unhappy fortune! by my Brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone;
Within theſe three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beſhrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living coarſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

Exit.

SCENE III.

Changes to a Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris *and his Page, with a light.*

Par. GIVE me thy torch, boy; hence and ſtand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen:
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of Graves)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flow'rs. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure.

[*Exit.*

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew: [*Strewing flowers.*
Fair *Juliet*, that with angels doſt remain,
Accept this lateſt favour at my hand;

That

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That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obſequies adorn thy tomb.
[*The boy whiſtles.*
——The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach;——
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my Obſequies, and true love's rite?
What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

SCENE VI.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthaſar *with a light.*

Rom. GIVE me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I muſt uſe
In dear employment; therefore, hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
The time and my intents are ſavage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring ſea.
Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me Friendſhip.—Take thou that;
Live and be proſp'rous, and farewel, good fellow.
Balth. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit* Balth.

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Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Monument.*
And in despight I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughty *Montague*,
That murder'd my love's cousin; (with which grief,
It is suppos'd the fair Creature dy'd,)
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague*:
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed, and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
By heav'n, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, begone; live, and hereafter say,
A mad-man's Mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight,* Paris *falls.*

Page. Oh lord, they fight! I will go call the Watch.

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruse this face——
Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County *Paris!*
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, *Paris* should have married *Juliet*.
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or

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Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
To think it was ſo? Oh give me thy hand,
One writ with me in four Misfortune's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.
A Grave? O no; a Lanthorn, ſlaughter'd Youth;
For here lies *Juliet*; and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting Preſence full of Light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd:——
[*Laying* Paris *in the Monument.*
How oft, when Men are at the point of Death,
Have they been merry? which their Keepers call
A Lightning before Death.——O, how may I
Call this a Lightning!—O my love, my wife!
Death, that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his, that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, couſin.——Ah dear *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee;
And never from this Palace of dim night
Depart again: Here, here will I remain,
With worms that are my chamber-maids; oh here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting Reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary'd fleſh. Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs.
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!

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Come, bitter conduct! come, unsav'ry guide!
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary, bark:
Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!
[*Drinks the poison.*
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *with lanthorn, crow, and spade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* by my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? who's there?

Enter Balthasar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the *Capulets'* Monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy Sir,
And there's my master, one you dearly love.

Fri. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir.
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What-

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What mean theſe maſterleſs and goary ſwords,
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteep'd in blood? ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The lady ſtirs.
Jul. [*awaking*] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well, where I ſhould be;
And there I am; but where is *Romeo?*
Fri. I hear ſome noiſe! Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;
A greater Power, than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy huſband in thy boſom there lies dead,
And *Paris* too—Come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Amongſt a ſiſterhood of holy Nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the Watch is coming.
Come, go, good *Juliet;* I dare no longer ſtay. [*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiſs thy lips;
Haply ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them;
To make me die with a Reſtorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy, which way?
Jul. Yea, noiſe?
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Finding a dagger.*
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die.
[*Kills herſelf.*
Boy. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

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Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard;
Go, some of you, whom e'er you find, attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raise up the *Montagues*; Some others, search——
We see the Ground whereon these Woes do lie:
But the true ground of all these piteous Woes
We cannot without Circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo*'s man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman with Friar Lawrence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the Friar too.

SCENE V.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. WHAT misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's Rest?

Enter Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What should it be, that they so strike abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry, *Romeo*;
Some, *Juliet*; and some, *Paris*; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our Monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears?

Digitized by Google *Watch.*

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know, how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and ſlaughter'd *Romeo*'s man,
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead men's tombs.

Cap. Oh heav'n! oh, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en; for, lo! the ſheath
Lies empty on the back of *Montague*,
The point miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulchre.

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, *Montague*, for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſon and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopt her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?

Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.

Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a Grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent.
And then will I be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to Death. Mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected; as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murder;
And here I ſtand both to impeach and purge
Myſelf condemned, and myſelf excus'd.

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Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was huſband to that *Juliet*;
And ſhe, there dead, that *Romeo*'s faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtoll'n marriage-day
Was *Tybalt*'s dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pined.
You, to remove that ſiege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage;
Or, in my Cell, there would ſhe kill herſelf.
Then gave I her (ſo tutor'd by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo took effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed Grave;
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's Vault:
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my Cell,
'Till I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came, (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb,
And ſhe, too deſp'rate, would not go with me:
But, as it ſeems, did violence on herſelf.

All

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All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy; but if aught in this
Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for an holy man.
Where's *Romeo*'s man? what can he ſay to this?

Balth. I brought my maſter news of *Juliet*'s death,
And then in poſt he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame Monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death going to the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's Grave,
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with *Juliet.*
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*
See, what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen: all are puniſh'd!

Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand

Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure gold;

That,

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That, while *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo*'s by his lady lie;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy Peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for Sorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*. [*Exeunt omnes.*

HAM-

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HAMLET,

Prince of DENMARK.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of* Denmark.
Fontinbras, *Prince of* Norway.
Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the preſent King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *Friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *Son to* Polonius.
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſencrantz, Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a Fop.*
Marcellus, *an Officer.*
Bernardo, Franciſco, } *Soldiers.*
Reynoldo, *Servant to* Polonius,
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*

Gertrude, *Queen of* Denmark, *and Mother to* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *Daughter to* Polonius, *belov'd by* Hamlet.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ELSINOOR.*

The Story taken from Saxo Grammaticus's Daniſh *Hiſtory.*

HAMLET

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HAMLET,

Prince of DENMARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Platform before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two Centinels.*

BERNARDO.

WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me: ſtand, and unfold yourſelf.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve; get thee to bed, *Franciſco.*

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivals of my Watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?

Hor.

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Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.
Fran. Give you good-night.
Mar. Oh, farewel, honeſt ſoldier; who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: give you good-night.
[*Exit* Franciſco.
Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*.
Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A piece of him. [*Giving his hand.*
Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſays, 'tis but our phantaſy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while.
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeen.
Hor. Well, ſit we down.
And let us hear *Bernardo* ſpeak of this.
Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame Star, that's weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and myſelf,
The bell then beating one,——
Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghoſt.

Look where it comes again.
Ber. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar.

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Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, *Horatio.*
Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio.*
Hor. What art thou, that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometime march? by Heav'n, I charge thee, ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it ſtalks away.
Hor. Stay; ſpeak; I charge thee, ſpeak. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer,
Ber. How now, *Horatio?* you tremble and look pale.
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſy?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
* Without the ſenſible and try'd avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thyſelf.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
He ſmote the ſleaded *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange——
Mar. Thus twice before, and juſt at this dead hour,
With martial ſtalk, he hath gone by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the groſs and ſcope of my opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our State.

* *Without the ſenſible and* true *avouch*] I am inclined to think that *Shakeſpear* wrote,——try'd *avouch*. Warb.

Mar

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Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant Watch
So nightly toils the Subjects of the Land?
And why ſuch daily caſt of brazen Cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights, whoſe ſore taſk
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day:
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image but even now appeared to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight: In which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: who by * ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law of heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his Lands,
Which he ſtood ſeized of, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had Return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquiſher; † as by the ſame comart,

* ——— *a ſeal'd compact*
Well ratified by law and *heraldry*.] Now *law*, as diſtinguiſhed from *Heraldry*, ſignifying the *civil Law*; and this ſeal'd Compact being a *Civil-law* Act, it is as much as to ſay, *An Act of law well ratified by law*, which is abſurd. Without Doubt *Shakeſpear* wrote,
———*who by* ſeal'd compact
Well ratified *by law* of *heraldry*.
i. e. the Execution of the civil Compact was ratified by the Law of Arms; which, in our Author's Time, was called the *Law of Heraldry*.

† ——*as by* that cov'nant,——The old Quarto reads
——*as by the ſame* Comart;
And this is right. *Comart* ſignifies a Bargain, and *Carriage of the Articles*, the *Covenants* entered into to confirm that Bargain.

And

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And carriage of the articles design'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. How young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our State,
But to recover of us by strong hand,
* And terms compulsatory those foresaid Lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the Land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King,
That was, and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy State of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell
The Graves stood tenantless; the sheeted Dead
Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, Dews of blood fell;
Disasters veil'd the Sun; and the moist Star,
Upon whose influence *Neptune*'s Empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
† And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heav'n and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

* *And terms* compulsative——]The old Quarto, better, *compulsatory*.

† *And prologue to the* omen *coming on.*] *Omen*, for Fate.

I'll

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I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay illuſion!
[*Spreading his Arms.*
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me;
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Country's fate,
Which, happily, Foreknowing may avoid,
Oh ſpeak!——
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded, in thy life
Extorted treaſure, in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak—Stop it, *Marcellus.*—
Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Ber. 'Tis here——
Hor. 'Tis here——
Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable;
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to ſpeak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine: And of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no Spirit walks abroad;

The

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The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high-eastward hill;
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For, upon my life,
This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent, we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Claudius *King of* Denmark, Gertrude *the Queen*, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *Lords and Attendants.*

King. THOUGH yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,
Th' imperial Jointress of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife.——Nor have we herein barr'd
Your

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Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: (for all, our thanks.)
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our State to be disjoint and out of frame;
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his father, by all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother—So much for him.—
Now for ourſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
(Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe.) to ſuppreſs
His further gait herein; in that the Levies,
The Lifts, and full Proportions are all made
Out of his Subjects: and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you, *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this Greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the King, more than the ſcope
Which theſe dilated articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haſte commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit. What is't, *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeak of Reaſon to the *Dane*,
And loſe your voice. What wouldſt thou beg, *Laertes*
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
* The blood is not more native to the heart,

* *The* head *is not more native to the heart*, &c.] This a flagrant Inſtance of the firſt Editors' preferring Sound to Senſe. We may ſuppoſe that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

The Blood *is not more* native *to the heart.* Warb.

This

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The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than to the Throne of *Denmark* is thy father.
What would'ſt thou have, *Laertes*?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France;*
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again tow'rds *France:*
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what ſays *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath, my lord, by labourſome petition,
Wrung from me my ſlow leave; and, at the laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine;
And thy beſt Graces ſpend it at thy will.
* But now, my couſin *Hamlet*.——Kind my ſon——

Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.
[*Aſide.*

King. How is it, that the clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo, my lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt, 'tis common; all that live, muſt die;
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

* *But now, my couſin* Hamlet, and *my ſon*——
Ham. *A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.*] The *King* had called him, *Couſin Hamlet*, therefore *Hamlet* replies,

A little more than kin,——
——————and leſs than kind?

The King, in the preſent Reading, gives no Occaſion for this Reflection, which is ſufficient to ſhew it to be faulty, and that we ſhould read and point the firſt Line thus,

But now, my couſin Hamlet.——Kind *my ſon*—— Warb.

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Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *ſeems*:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn Black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed *ſeem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have That within, which paſſeth ſhew:
Theſe, but the trappings, and the ſuits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But you muſt know, your father loſt a father;
That father, his; and the ſurviver bound
In filial obligation, for ſome term,
To do obſequious ſorrow. But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs, unmanly grief.
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
For, what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To Reaſon moſt abſurd; whoſe common theme
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt coarſe, 'till he that died to-day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne;
And with no leſs nobility of love,

Than

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Than that which dearest father bears his son,
*Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
In going back to school to *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, *Hamlet*:
I pr'ythee, stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof
No jocund health, that *Denmark* drinks to-day
But the great Cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the King's rouse the heav'n shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O H, that this too-too-solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! Oh God! oh God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie, 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two;—
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Must I remember—why, she would hang on him,

* *Do I* impart *toward you*—] *Impart*, for profess.

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As if Increaſe of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month,——
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears——Why ſhe, ev'n ſhe,——
(O heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!——
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes,
She married.——Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to Good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

SCENE IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus,

Hor. HAIL to your lordſhip.

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well;
Horatio,——or I do forget myſelf?

Hor. The ſame, my lord, and your poor ſervant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*? *Marcellus!*

Mar. My good lord——

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good morning, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it Truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf I know, you are no truant;
But what is your affair in *Elſinoor*?

We'll

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We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pr'ythee do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio;* the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
'Would, I had met my deareſt foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, *Horatio!*
My father——methinks I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think, I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw! who?
Hor. My lord, the King your father.
Ham. The King my father!
Hor. Seaſon your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo,* on their watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-à-pe,*
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurpriſed eyes,
Within this truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly *with th' effect of fear)
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me

* ——*with* the act *of fear*] *Shakeſpear* could never write ſo improperly as to call the *Paſſion of Fear, the Act of Fear.* Without doubt the true Reading is, ——*with* th' effect *of fear.*

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In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Hor. My lord, upon the Platform where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then the morning-cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Both. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. Oh, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had been there!
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like; ſtaid it long?

Hor.

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Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I ſaw't.

Ham. * His beard was griſſ'd? no.

Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.

Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, tho' hell itſelf ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
† Let it be ten'ble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoever ſhall befall to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: ſo, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll viſit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewel.
My father's Spirit in arms! all is not well:
I doubt ſome foul play: 'would, the night were come!
'Till then ſit ſtill, my ſoul: foul deeds will riſe
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

* *His beard was griſly?*] The old *Quarto* reads,
His Beard was griſſ'd? no.
And this is right. A noble Mode of Interrogation in *Hamlet*'s Circumſtances.

† *Let it be* treble *in your ſilence ſtill:*] If treble be right, in propriety it ſhould be read,
Let it be treble in your ſilence now.
But the old Quarto reads,
Let it be Tenable *in your ſilence ſtill.*
And this is right.

SCENE

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SCENE V.

Changes to an Apartment in Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. MY neceſſaries are imbark'd, farewel;
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,
And Convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt That?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' ſweet, not laſting;
The perfume, and ſuppliance of a minute;
No more——

Oph. No more but ſo?

Laer. Think it no more:
For Nature, creſcent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this Temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
* And now no ſoil of cautel doth beſmerch
The virtue of his will: but you muſt fear,
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his Birth;
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
The ſafety and the health of the whole State:
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he's head. Then, if he ſays, he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his Saying deed; which is no further,

* *And now no ſoil,* nor cautel,] From *cautela*, which ſignifies only a *prudent Foreſight* or Caution; but, paſſing thro' *French* Hands, it loſt its Innocence, and now ſignifies *Fraud*, *Deceit*. But I believe *Shakeſpear* wrote, *And now no ſoil* of *cautel*—— Warb.

Than

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Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh, what loſs your Honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
The canker galls the Infants of the Spring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven;
* Whilſt, he a puſt and reckleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

SCENE VI.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long;——but here my father comes:
A double Bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,

* *Whilſt,* like *a puſt and careleſs libertine,*] This Reading gives us a Senſe to this Effect, Do not you be *like* an ungracious Preacher, who is *like* a careleſs Libertine. The old Quarto reads *Whiles* a *puſt and* reckleſs *Libertine*, which directs us to the right Reading, *Whilſt* he *a puſt and* reckleſs *Libertine*. *Warb.*

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And you are ſtaid for. There, my bleſſing with you;
[*Laying his hand on* Laertes's *head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of Entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
Bear't that the oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry Man, thine ear; but few thy voice.
Take each man's cenſure; but reſerve thy judgment,
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in That.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For Loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend:
And Borrowing dulls the edge of Huſbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
* And it muſt follow, as the light the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel; my Bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time inveſts you; go, your ſervants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid.

* *And it muſt follow, as the* night *the Day,*] The Senſe here requires, that the Similitude ſhould give an Image not of *two Effects of Different Natures,* that follow one another alternately, but of a *Cauſe and Effect,* where the Effect follows the Cauſe by a *phyſical Neceſſity.* For the Aſſertion is, Be true to thyſelf, and then thou muſt *neceſſarily* be true to others. *Shakeſpear,* without Queſtion wrote, *And it muſt follow as the* Light *the Day* As much as to ſay, Truth to thyſelf, and Truth to others, are inſeparable, the latter depending neceſſarily on the former, as *Light depends upon the Day!* where it is to be obſerved, that *Day* is uſed figuratively to the *Sun*

Oph.

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Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewel. [*Exit.* Laer.
Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath ſaid to you?
Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord *Hamlet.*
Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affections! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourſelf a baby;
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender yourſelf more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wringing it thus) you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call't: go to, go to.
Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his ſpeech, my lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul,
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in the promiſe as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,

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Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden-preſence,
Set your intraitments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether he may walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that Die which their inveſtments ſhew,
But mere implorers of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious Bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the lord *Hamlet*.
Look to't, I charge you, come your way.

Oph. I ſhall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. THE Air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is ſtruck.

Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noiſe of warlike muſic within.*
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring up-ſpring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a cuſtom?

Ham.

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Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But, to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel eaſt and weſt,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition, and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion.
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſcar)
Their virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of Baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of Worth out,
To his own ſcandal.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
* Be thy advent wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,

* *Be thy* intents *wicked or charitable,*] Some of the old Editions read *Events;* from whence I ſuſpect that *Shakeſpear* wrote,
Be thy Advent *wicked or charitable.*
i. e. thy coming *Warb.*

That

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That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane*: oh! anſwer me;
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell,
* Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in Earth,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou, dead coarſe, again, in complete ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?
[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding* Hamlet.

Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to That,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again.——I'll follow it——

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my lord?
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his Baſe into the ſea;
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprave your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it.

* *Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in* death,] We ſhould read, *Why thy canoniz'd Bones hearſed in* Earth.

The

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The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea;
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still: go on, I'll follow thee—

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Mar. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen——
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me—
I say, away——go on——I'll follow thee——
[*Exeunt Ghost and* Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow! 'tis not fit thus to obey him

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark.*

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. WHERE wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham.

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Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd too faſt in fires;
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood; liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love——

Ham. O heav'n!

Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haſte me to know it, that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.

Ghoſt I find thee apt;
And duller ſhouldſt thou be, than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on *Lethe*'s wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. So, the whole ear of *Denmark*,
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble Youth,
The ſerpent, that didſt ſting thy father's life,

Now

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Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetic ſoul! my uncle?

Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage——
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air——
Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick-ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.——
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of Crown, of Queen, *at once diſpatcht;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,

* ——*at once* diſpatcht;] *Diſpatch*, for bereft.

Unhouſel'd,

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† Unhouſel'd, ‡ unanointed, || unanel'd:
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his § uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh, all you hoſt of heav'n! oh earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? oh fie! hold my heart!
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old;
But bear me ſtifly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe? remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter. Yes, by heav'n:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain!
My tables,——meet it is, I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I'm ſure, it may be ſo in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*

† *Unhouſel'd.*] Without the Sacrament being taken. Mr. *Pope.*
‡ *Unanointed,*] Without extreme Unction. Mr. *Pope.*
|| *Unanel'd:*] No Knell rung. Mr. *Pope.*
§ ——*uneffectual fire.*] *i. e.* ſhining without Heat. *Warb.*

So,

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So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:
I've ſworn it.

SCENE IX.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. MY Lord, my lord,——
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*,——
Hor. Heav'n ſecure him!
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, come.
Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. Oh, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heav'n.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret——
Both. Ay, by heav'n, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no Ghoſt, my lord, come from the Grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right, you are i' th' right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part;
You, as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you;
(For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is) and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Hor.

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Hor. I'm ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by St. *Patrick*, but there is, my lord,
And much offence too. Touching this Viſion here—
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.
Hor. What is't, my lord? [to-night.
Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my ſword.
Mar. We have ſworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.
Ghoſt. Swear. [*Ghoſt cries under the ſtage.*
Ham. Ah ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge.
Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propoſe the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Hic & ubique? then we'll ſhift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this which you have heard.
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear by his ſword.
Ham. Well ſaid, old mole, can'ſt work i' th' ground ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.

Ham.

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Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome,
There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy. But come,
Here, as before, never (ſo help you mercy!)
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf
(As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antic diſpoſition on)
That you, at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, well——we know——or, we could, and if we would——
Or, if we liſt to ſpeak——or, there be, and if there might——
(Or ſuch ambiguous givings out) denote
That you know aught of me; This do ye ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Swear.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my love do I commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do t' expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack; let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray:
The Time is out of joint; oh curſed ſpight!
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Polonius *and* Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.

GIVE him this money, and theſe notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol.

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Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good *Reynoldo*,
Before you viſit him, to make enquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well ſaid; very well ſaid. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me firſt what *Danſkers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you, as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus——I know his father and his friends,
And, in part, him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo?*
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. And, in part, him—but you may ſay—not well;
But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo——and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord——
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing——You may go ſo far.
Rey. My lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Faith, no, as you may ſeaſon it in the Charge?
You muſt not put an utter ſcandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind,

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A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood
Of general aſſault.
Rey. But, my good lord——
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of wit.
You, laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i' th' working,
Mark you, your party in converſe, he you would found,
Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be aſſur'd,
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
Good ſir, or ſire, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phraſe or the addition
Of man and country.)
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;
He does—what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomething—where did I leave?—
Rey. At, cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At, cloſes in the conſequence—Ay marry.
He cloſes thus;—I know the gentleman.
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t' other day,
Or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and, as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rouſe,
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a Brothel, or ſo forſooth.—See you now;
Your bait of Falſhood takes this carp of Truth;
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of Bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my ſon; you have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God b' w' you; fare you well.

Rey.

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Rey. Good my lord——
Pol. Obſerve his inclination e'en yourſelf.
Rey. I ſhall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his muſic.
Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. FAREWEL. How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter.
Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been ſo affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?
Oph. My lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his Doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockings looſe,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle;
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know:
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo piteous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his Being. Then he lets me go,
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;

For

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For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King.
This is the very ecſtaſy of love;
Whoſe violent property forgoes itſelf,
And leads the will to deſp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heav'n,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm ſorry, that with better ſpeed and judgment
* I had not noted him. I fear'd, he triſl'd,
And meant to wreck thee; but beſhrew my jealouſy;
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come; go we to the King.
This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *Lords, -- and other Attendants.*

King. WELCOME, dear *Roſincrantz*, and *Guildenſtern!*
Moreover that we much did long to ſee you,
The need, we have to uſe you, did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something you have heard

* *I had not* quoted *him.*——] The old Quarto reads *coted.* It appears *Shakeſpear* wrote *noted.* *Quoted* is Nonſenſe. *Warb.*

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Of *Hamlet*'s transformation; ſo I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles That it was. What it ſhould be
More than his Father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you Both,
That being of ſo young days brought up with him,
And ſince ſo neighbour'd to his youth and 'havour,
That you vouchſafe your Reſt here in our Court
Some little time; ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather,
So much as from occaſions you may glean,
If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks,
As fits a King's remembrance.

Roſ. Both your Majeſties
Might, by the ſov'reign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourſelves, in the full bent,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Roſincrantz*, and gentle *Guildenſtern*.

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenſtern*, and gentle *Roſincrantz*.
And, I beſeech you, inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon. Go ſome of ye,
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Queen. Amen.

Enter

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Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambaſſadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? aſſure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.
King. Oh, ſpeak of that, that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' ambaſſadors:
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.
King. Thyſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* Pol.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.
Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand, *and* Cornelius

King. WELL, we ſhall ſift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Vol. Moſt fair return of Greetings, and Deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Polack*:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſs: Whereat griev'd,
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys;

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Receives rebuke from *Norway;* and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his Commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the *Polack:*
With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet Pass
Through your Dominions for this enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your Rest; at night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home! [*Exit Embass.*

Pol. This business is well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief; your noble son is mad;
Mad, call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.——

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all:—
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true; A foolish figure;
But farewel it; for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect, defective, comes by cause;

Thus

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Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.——Perpend.—
I have a daughter; have, whilſt ſhe is mine;
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and furmiſe.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beatified Ophelia.—That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe: *beatified* is a vile phraſe; but you ſhall hear——*Theſe to her excellent white boſom, theſe.*—

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam, ſtay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the Sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt beſt, believe it.* Adieu.

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter ſhewn me:
And, more above, hath his ſolicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me:) what might you,
Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think?
If I had play'd the deſk or table-book,

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Or giv'n my heart a working mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy sphere,
This must not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
* Which done, see too the fruits of my advice;
For he, repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell to a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watching, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does; indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an Arras then,

* *Which done*, she took *the fruits of my advice*;
And *he repulsed*,——] *Shakespear* without doubt wrote,
Which done, see too *the Fruits of my Advice*;
For, *he repulsed*,—— Warb.

Mark

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Mark the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fall'n thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a State,
But keep a farm and carters.
King. We will try it.

SCENE V.

Enter Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. BUT, look, where, ſadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away.
I'll board him preſently. [*Exeunt King and Queen.*
Oh, give me leave.——How does my good lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. Well, God o'mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord?

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honeſt, as this world goes is to be one man pick'd out of ten thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. * For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a God, kiſſing carrion——
Have you a daughter?

* *For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog,*
Being a good *kiſſing carrion——*
Have you a daughter?] The Editors ſeeing *Hamlet* counterfeit Madneſs, thought they might ſafely put any Nonſenſe into his Mouth. But this ſtrange Paſſage when ſet right, will be ſeen to contain as great and ſublime a Reflexion as any the Poet puts into his Hero's Mouth throughout the whole Play. We ſhould firſt give the true Reading, which is this,

For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a God, *kiſſing carrion———*] His Argument in the two Lines in Queſtion is to this Purpoſe, *But why need we wonder at this Abounding of Evil? for if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog, which tho' a God, yet ſhedding its Heat and Influence upon Carrion——* Warb.

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Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' th' Sun; conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? ſtill harping on my daughter!—

Yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid, I was a fiſh-monger.

He is far gone; and, truly, in my youth, [*Aſide.*
I ſuffer'd much extremity for love;
Very near this.——I'll ſpeak to him again.
What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord?

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the ſatyrical ſlave ſays here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plumtree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit; together with moſt weak hams: All which, Sir, tho' I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down; for yourſelf, Sir, ſhall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't:
Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my Grave.——

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' th' air:—
How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,
Which ſanity and reaſon could not be
So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.
My honourable lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham.

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Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to ſeek lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. GOD ſave you, Sir.

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou, *Guildenſtern*?

Oh, *Roſincrantz*, good lads! how do ye both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoles of her ſhoe?

Roſ. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, in her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? oh, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Roſ. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my lord!

Ham. *Denmark*'s a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worſt.

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Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me, it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a King of infinite space; were it not, that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which, dreams, indeed, are Ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows; Shall we to th' Court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended: but in the beaten way of Friendship, what make you at *Elsinoor?*

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come, deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know, the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham.

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Ham. That you muſt teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no?

Roſ. What ſay you? [*To* Guilden.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off:

Guil. My lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, foregone all cuſtom of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how expreſs and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My lord there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, man delights not me?

Roſ. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you; we accoſted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that plays the King ſhall be welcome;

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his Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh *gratis*; the humourous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o'th' fere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did, when I was in the city? are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, * an Aiery of Children, little Eyases, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't; these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escorted? will they pursue the Quality, no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better:) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy. There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

* *an Aiery of Children,*] Relating to the Play-houses then contending, the *Bankside*, the *Fortune*, &c, play'd by the Children of his Majesty's Chapel. Mr. *Pope.*

Ham.

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Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guil. Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange; for mine uncle is King of *Denmark*; and thoſe, that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats apiece, for his picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh for the Players.*

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, left my extent to the players (which, I tell you, muſt ſhew fairly outward) ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a handſaw.

SCENE VII.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. WELL be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great Baby, you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathling-clouts.

Roſ. Haply, he's the ſecond time come to them; for they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheſy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it;——you ſay right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas ſo, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham.

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Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When *Roſcius* was an Actor in *Rome*——

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.——

Pol. Upon mine honour——

Ham. Then came each Actor on his aſs——

Pol. The beſt Actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical, paſtoral, ſcene undividable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light. For the law of wit, and the Liberty, theſe are the only men.

Ham. Oh, Jephtha, judge of Iſrael, what a treaſure hadſt Thou!

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my lord?

Ham. *Why, one fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my lord, I have a daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, as *by lot, God wot*—and then you know, *it came to paſs, as moſt like it was*; the firſt row of *the rubric* will ſhew you more. For, look, where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y' are welcome, maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valanc'd, ſince I ſaw thee laſt: com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark*? What! my young lady and miſtreſs? b'erlady, your ladyſhip is nearer heaven than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of * a chioppine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring——

* *a chioppine.*] A tight-heel'd Shoe, or a Slipper. Mr. *Pope.*

Maſters,

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Masters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play.* What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once; but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the Play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there was no salt in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection; but call'd it, an honest method. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Æneas*'s tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam*'s slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see —The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th' *Hyrcanian* beast,— It is not so; — it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the Night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse;
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot.
Now is he total gules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders vile. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking, too short, at *Greeks*. His antique sword,
Rebellious

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Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to Command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell ſword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his Baſe; and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus'* ear. For lo, his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, ſeem'd i' th' air to ſtick;
So, as a painted tyrant, *Pyrrhus* ſtood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heav'ns, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
As huſh as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So after *Pyrrhus'* pauſe,
A rouſed vengeance ſets him new a-work:
And never did the *Cyclops'* hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With leſs remorſe than *Pyrrhus'* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam*.—
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune! all you Gods,
In general ſynod take away her power:
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee, ſay on; he's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

1 *Play.* But who, oh! who, had ſeen the mobled Queen,—

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the flames

With

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With biſſon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood; and for a robe
About her lank and all-o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Look, whe're he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. Tis well, I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon. Good my lord, will you ſee the Players well beſtow'd? Do you hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. God's bodikins, man, much better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? uſe them after your own honour and dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, Friends: we'll hear a Play to-morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago?*

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham.

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Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, and, look, you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*.

Roſ. Good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. AY, ſo, God b' w' ye: now I am alone.
Oh, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage wan'd:
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting,
With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion,
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free;
Confound the ign'rant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.—Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing,——no not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lie i' th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Yet I ſhould take it—for it cannot be,
But I am pidgeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,

I ſhould

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I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? this is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab——
A ſcullion,—fie upon't! foh!—about, my brain!—
I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe Players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit, that I have ſeen,
May be the Devil; and the Devil hath power
T' aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits)
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and Lords.*

KING.

AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,

Grating

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Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?
Roſ. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.
Guild. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But with a crafty madneſs keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſ. * Moſt free of queſtion, but of our demands
Niggard in his reply.
Queen. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain Players
† We o'er-rode on the way; of theſe we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the Court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreat your Majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall, my lord. [*Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,

* Niggard *of queſtion, but of our demands*
Moſt free *in his reply.*——] Such a Deſcription can never paſs but at Croſs purpoſes, *Shakeſpear* certainly wrote it juſt the other Way,

Moſt free *of queſtion, but of our demands*
Niggard *in his reply.* Warb.

† *We o'er-took on the way;*] The old Quarto reads *o'er-raught* corruptly, for *o'er-rode.* Warb.

That

That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and myself,
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet*'s wildness: So shall I hope your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit* Queen.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here.——Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow ourselves——Read on this book;
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. Oh, 'tis too true.
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word. [*Aside.*
Oh heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia.

SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. TO be, or not to be? that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;

Or

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* Or to take arms againſt aſſail of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them?—to die,—to ſleep—
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die—to ſleep—
To ſleep? perchance, to dream; ay, there's the rub——
For in that ſleep of Death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this Mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe.—There's the reſpect,
That makes Calamity of ſo long life.
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith, and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action—Soft you, now!
[*Seeing* Oph.
The fair *Ophelia*? Nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remembred.
Oph. Good my lord,
How does your Honour for this many a day?

* *Or to take arms againſt* a ſea *of troubles,*] Without Queſtion *Shakeſpear* wrote,——*againſt* Aſſail *of Troubles. i. e.* Aſſault. Warb. *Ham.*

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Ham. I humbly thank you, well;——

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: that perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honeſt?

Oph. My lord,——

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is, to a bawd; than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into its likeneſs. This was ſometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.——I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me. For virtue cannot ſo inoculate our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent honeſt; but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch Things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, * with more offences

* *with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts* to put them in, *imagination*, &c.] What is the Meaning of *Thoughts to put them in?*

A

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offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in name, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in. What ſhould ſuch fellows, as I, do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us——Go thy ways to a nunnery——Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you ſweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny.—Get thee to a nunnery,—farewel—Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool: for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them—To a nunnery, go—and quickly too: farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers, reſtore him!

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough: God has given you one face, and you make yourſelves another. You jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live; the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword!
Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair State,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down!

A word is dropt out, We ſhould read,
——*thoughts to put them in* name.]
This was the Progreſs. The Offences are firſt conceived and named, then projected to be put in Act, then executed. Warb.

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I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſic vows:
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtaſy. Oh, woe is me!
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen; ſee what I ſee.

SCENE III.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. LOVE! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. Something's in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which, how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus ſet it down. He ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply, the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething-ſettled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?

Pol. It ſhould do well. But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia?*—
You need not tell us what lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all,——My lord, do as you pleaſe;
[*Exit* Ophelia.
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him:
To ſhew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him; or confine him, where

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Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in Great ones muſt not unwatch'd go,
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. Speak the ſpeech, I pray you; as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve, the town-crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus, but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirl-wind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb-ſhews, and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipt for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-*herods Herod.* Pray you, avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of Nature; for any thing ſo over-done is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end, both at the firſt and now; was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now this over-done, or come tardy of, tho' it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the cenſure of which one muſt in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeak it prophanely) that neither having

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having the accent of chriſtian, nor the gait of chriſtian, pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh, reform it altogether. And let thoſe, that play your Clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: For there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: That's villanous; and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. Go make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Polonius, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

How now, my lord; will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. [*Exit* Polonius.
Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. What, ho, *Horatio!*

Enter Horatio, *to* Hamlet.

Hor. Here, ſweet lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as juſt a Man,
As e'er my converſation cop'd withal.

Hor. Oh my dear lord,——

Ham. Nay, do not think, I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed and clothe thee? ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd Pomp,

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And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf. For thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing:
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well comingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man,
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core: ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.——
There is a Play to-night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the circumſtance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſee'ſt that Act a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve mine uncle: if his occult guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeen:
And my imaginations are as foul
As *Vulcan*'s Stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join,
In cenſure of his Seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.
If he ſteal aught, the whilſt this Play is playing,
And 'ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and other lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches.* Daniſh *March. Sound a flouriſh.*

Ham. THEY'RE coming to the Play; I muſt be idle.
Get you a place.

King.

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King. How fares our couſin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith, of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*; theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine.——Now, my lord; you play'd once i' th' univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i' th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lie in your lap?

[*Laying down at* Ophelia's *feet*.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Oh God! your only jig-maker; what ſhould a man do, but be merry? For, look you, how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within theſe two hours.

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Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? * nay, then let the Devil wear black, 'fore I'll have a ſuit of ſable. Oh heav'ns! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he muſt build churches then; or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe; whoſe epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*

SCENE VI.

Hautboys play. The dumb ſhew enters.

Enter a Duke and Dutcheſs, with regal Coronets, very lovingly; the Dutcheſs embracing him, and he her. She kneels: he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; he lays him down upon a bank of flowers; ſhe ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his Crown, kiſſes it, and pours poiſon in the Duke's ears, and Exit, *The Dutcheſs returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poiſoner, with ſome two or three mutes, comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poiſoner wooes the Dutcheſs with gifts; ſhe ſeems loath and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.* [Exeunt.

Oph. WHAT means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching *Malhechor*; it means miſchief.

* *nay, then let the Devil wear black,* for *I'll have a ſuit of ſable.*] The Conceit of theſe Words is not taken. They are an ironical Apology for his Mother's chearful Looks: Two Months was long enough in Conſcience to make any dead Huſband forgotten. But the Editors, in their nonſenſical Blunder, have made *Hamlet* ſay juſt the Contrary. That the Devil and he would both go into Mourning, tho' his Mother did not. The true Reading is this, *Nay, then let the Devil wear black,* 'fore *I'll have a Suit of Sable.* Warb.

Oph.

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Oph. Belike, this ſhow imports the Argument of the Play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the Players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us, what this ſhow meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhow that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſhamed to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Prol. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poſy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis breef, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke, and Dutcheſs, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* Car gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and *Tellus'* orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed ſheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands,
Unite commutual, in moſt ſacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my lord, it nothing muſt:
For women fear too much, ev'n as they love.
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo.

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Where love is great, the ſmalleſt doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
Duke. Faith, I muſt leave thee, Love, and ſhortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For huſband ſhalt thou——
Dutch. Oh, confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt!
None wed the ſecond, but who kill the firſt.
Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!
Dutch. The inſtances, that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love.
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.
Duke. I do believe, you think what now you ſpeak;
But what we do determine, oft we break;
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourſelves what to ourſelves is debt:
What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themſelves deſtroy.
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love leads fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The Great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.

And

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And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Think ſtill, thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth to me give food, nor heav'n light!
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day and night!
To deſperation turn my truſt and hope!
And Ancor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!
Each oppoſite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife!
If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now——

Duke. 'Tis deeply ſworn; Sweet, leave me here a while;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Queen. The lady proteſts too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, no offence i' th' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The *Mouſe-Trap;*——Marry, how? tropically. This Play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna; Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his Wife's *Baptiſta;* you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a knaviſh piece of

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Work; but what o'that? your Majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not; let the galled jade winch, our withers are unrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, If I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your huſbands.

Begin, murderer.——Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:

Confedrate ſeaſon, and no creature ſeeing:

Thou mixture rank, of mid-night weeds collected,

With *Hecate*'s ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic, and dire property,

On wholeſome life uſurp immediately.

[*Pours the poiſon into his ears.*

Ham. He poiſons him i' th' garden for's eſtate; his name's *Gonzago;* the ſtory is extant, and writ in choice *Italian.* You ſhall ſee anon how the murderer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me ſome light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE VII.

Manent Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. WHY, let the ſtrucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For ſome muſt watch, whilſt ſome muſt ſleep;
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a foreſt of Feathers, (if the reſt of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) with two provincial roſes on my rayed ſhoes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou doſt know, oh *Damon* dear,
This realm diſmantled was
Of *Jove* himſelf, and now reigns here
A very, very,——Peacock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. Oh, good *Horatio,* I'll take the Ghoſt's word for a thouſand pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Ham. Oh, ah! come, ſome muſic: Come, the recorders.
For if the King like not the comedy;
Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, ſome muſic.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Guil. The King, Sir—

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd—

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew itſelf more rich,

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to ſignify this to his Doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guild. Good my lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir;—pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this Courteſy is not of the right Breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholeſome anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholeſome anſwer: my wit's diſeas'd. But, Sir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall command; or, rather, as you ſay, my mother—therefore no more but to the matter—my mother, you ſay—

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays; your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Roſ. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do, ſurely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelf, for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark?*

Ham.

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Ham. Ay, but *while the graſs grows*—the Proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the Recorders; let me ſee one. To withdraw with you——why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſy as lying; govern theſe ventiges with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſic. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the ſkill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery; you would ſound me from my loweſt note, to the top of my compaſs; and there is much muſic, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak. Why, do you think, that I am eaſier to be play'd on than a pipe? call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.——God bleſs you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a *Camel?* *Pol.*

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Pol. By the maſs, and it's like a *Camel*, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like an *Ouzle*,

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle*.

Ham. Or, like a *Whale*?

Pol. Very like a *Whale*.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by—they fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo.

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawn, and hell itſelf breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot-blood,
* And do ſuch buſineſs as the better day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother—
O heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever
This ſoul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.
My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeals never my ſoul conſent! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter King, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. I Like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you.

* *And do ſuch* bitter *buſineſs as the day*
Would quake to look on.——] The old Quarto reads,
And do ſuch buſineſs as the bitter *day*, &c.
This is a little corrupt indeed, but much nearer *Shakeſpear*'s Words, who wrote,————better *day*. Warb.

The

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The terms of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guil. We will provide ourſelves;
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe many, many, Bodies ſafe,
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from noyance; but much more,
That ſpirit, on whoſe weal depends and reſts
The lives of many. The ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a maſſy wheel
Fixt on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King ſigh; but with a gen'ral groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's gone to his mother's cloſet;
behind the arras I'll convey myſelf
To hear the proceſs, I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home.
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience than a mother
(Since nature makes them partial,) ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
Oh! my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldeſt, curſe upon't;

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A brother's murder.—Pray I cannot,
* Though inclination be as ſharp as th' ill;
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent:
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves Mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt.—But oh, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!——
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
† May one be pardon'd, and retain th' effects?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law; but 'tis not ſo above:
There, is no ſhuffling; there, the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try, what repentance can: What can it not?

* *Though inclination be as ſharp as* will;] We ſhould read,
Tho' inclination be as ſharp as th' ill;
i. e. tho' my Inclination makes me as reſtleſs and uneaſy as my Crime does. Warb.

† *May one be pardon'd, and retain th'* offence?] This is a ſtrange Queſtion; and much the ſame as to aſk whether his Offence could be *remitted* while it was *retain'd*. *Shakeſpear* here repeated a Word with Propriety and Elegance which he employed two Lines above,
May one be pardon'd and retain th' Effects?
i. e. of his murder, and this was a reaſonable Queſtion. *Warb.*

Yet

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* Yet what can it! when one can but repent?
Oh, wretched ſtate! oh boſom, black as death!
Oh limed ſoul, that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engaged! help, angels! make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees; and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*The King retires and kneels.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. NOW might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't—and ſo he goes to heav'n.——
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd;
A villain kills my father, and for that
† I, his fall'n ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heav'n———O, this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, and fluſh as *May;*
And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heav'n?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid bent;
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed;
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act

* *Yet what can it, when one* cannot *repent!*] *Shakeſpear* wrote,
Yet what can it, when one can but *repent?*
i. e. what can Repentance do without Reſtitution? a natural and reaſonable thought; and which the Tranſcribers might have ſeen was the Reſult of his preceding Reflections. *Warb.*

† I, *his* ſole *ſon, do this ſame villain ſend*] The Folio reads *ſoule* ſon. This will lead us to the true Reading. Which is, *fall'n ſon*, *e. i.* diſinherited. *Warb.*

That

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That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays;
This phyſic but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

The King riſes, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heav'n go. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Changes to the Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen *and* Polonius.

Pol. HE will come ſtraight; look, you lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll 'ſconce me e'en here;
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, Mother, Mother.—

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius *hides himſelf behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet*?

Ham.

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Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo;
You are the Queen, your huſband's brother's wife,
But, 'would you were not ſo!—You are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge:
You go not, 'till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho!
Pol. What ho, help. [*Behind the Arras.*
Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducat, dead.
[Hamlet *kills* Polonius.
Pol. Oh, I am ſlain.
Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a King?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel,
[*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy Betters; take thy fortune;
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands; peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff:
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,

That

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That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths. Oh, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of Contraction plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet Religion makes
A rhapſody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow
O'er this ſolidity and compound maſs
With triſtful viſage; and, as 'gainſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.

Queen. Ay me! what act?

Ham. That roars ſo loud, it thunders to the Indies.——

Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers:
See, what a grace was ſeated on this brow;
Hyperion's curles; the front of *Jove* himſelf;
An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command;
A ſtation, like the herald *Mercury*
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.
This *was* your huſband,——Look you now, what follows;
Here *is* your huſband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

* Queen *Ay me! what act,*
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index?
This is a ſtrange Anſwer. But the old Quarto brings us nearer to the Poet's Senſe by dividing the Lines thus;
Queen. *Ah me, what act?*
Ham. *That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the Index.*
He had ſaid the Sun was *thought-ſick at the act.* She ſays,
Ah me! what act?
He replies, (as we ſhould read it)
That roars ſo loud, it *thunders* to *the* indies. Warb.

And

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And batten on this moor? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the bloom is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? *Senſe, ſure, you, have,
Elſe could you not have notion: but, ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd: for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to ecſtaſy was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice
To ſerve in ſuch a diff'rence.—What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Ears without hands or eyes, ſmelling *ſans* all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope.——
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones;
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively doth burn,
And Reaſon panders Will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more.
Thou turn'd mine eyes into my very ſoul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſty;——

Queen. Oh, ſpeak no more;
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, ſweet *Hamlet.*

*——————*Senſe, ſure, you have,*
Elſe could you not have motion:——]
We ſhould read, *Elſe could you not have* notion, *i. e.* intellect, reaſon. *&c.* *Warb.*

Ham.

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Ham. A murderer, and a villain!—
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord. A Vice of Kings;——
A cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a ſhelf the precious Diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches——
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,
[*Starting up.*
You heav'nly guards!——What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad——

Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,
That laps'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O ſay!

Ghoſt. Do not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But, look! amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul:
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up, and ſtand on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!— look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would

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Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Leſt with this piteous action you convert
My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?

[*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I ſee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourſelves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it ſteals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!
Look where he goes ev'n now, out at the portal.

[*Exit Ghoſt.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain
This bodileſs creation Ecſtaſy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What Ecſtaſy?
My pulſe, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſic. 'Tis not madneſs,
That I have utter'd; bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilſt rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs yourſelf to heav'n;
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come;
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For, in the fatneſs of theſe purſy times,
Virtue itſelf of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea, curb, and wooe, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh *Hamlet!* thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. Oh, throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

Good

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Good-night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to night;
And That shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next, more easy;
For use can almost change the stamp of Nature,
And master ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blest;
I'll blessing beg of you.——For this same lord,
Pointing to Polonius.
I do repent: but heav'n hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him; so, again, good-night!
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means, that I bid you do.
* Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would form a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

* *Let the* fond *King*——] The old Quarto reads,
Let the bloat *King* —— *i. e.* bloated.

Let

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Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep;
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made breath,
And breath of Life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fellows,
(Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd;)
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: let it work.——
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man shall set me packing;——
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good-night, mother.

[*Exit* Hamlet, *tugging in* Polonius.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal APARTMENT.

Enter King and Queen, with Rosincrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

KING.

THERE's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit, we understand them.
Where is your son?

O *Queen.*

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Queen. Beſtow this place on us a little while.
[*To* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern, *who go out.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I ſeen to night?
King. What, *Gertrude?* How does *Hamlet?*
Queen. Mad as the ſeas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.
King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews itſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.
King. O *Gertrude*, come away:
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence; and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our Majeſty and Skill,
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho! *Guildenſtern!*

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into

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Into the chapel. Pray you, haſte in this.
[*Ex.* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.
Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
(And what's untimely done. For, haply, Slander,
Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Tranſports its poiſon'd ſhot;) may miſs our Name,
And hit the woundleſs air.——O, come away;
My ſoul is full of diſcord and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. SAFELY ſtowed.——
Gentlemen within.] *Hamlet!* lord *Hamlet!*
Ham. What noiſe? who calls on *Hamlet?*
Oh, here they come.

Enter Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.
Roſ. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Roſ. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſponge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a King?
Roſ. Take you me for a ſponge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, Sir, that ſokes up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities; but ſuch officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end; he keeps them, like an apple, in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt ſwallow'd: when he needs what you have,

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glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Roſ. I underſtand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.

Roſ. My lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing——

Guild. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him; hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter King.

King. I'VE ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body;
How dang'rous is it, that this man goes looſe!
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him;
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: diſeaſes, deſp'rate grown,
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſincrantz.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without, my lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, *Guildenſtern!* bring in my lord

Enter

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Enter Hamlet, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politique worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat ourſelves for maggots. Your fat King and you lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heav'n, ſent thither to ſee. If your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i' th other place yourſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobby.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay 'till you come.

King. *Hamlet*, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For That which thou haſt done) muſt ſend thee hence
With firey quickneſs; therefore prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England?*

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

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Ham. I see a Cherub, that sees them; but come for *England!* farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and, so, my mother. Come, for *England.* [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair; pray you make haste.
[*Exeunt* Rosincrantz *and* Guildenstern.
And, *England!* if my love thou hold'st at aught,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Danish* sword, and the free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of *Hamlet.* Do it, *England:*
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Camp on the Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras *with an Army.*

For. GO, Captain, from me, greet the *Danish* King;
Tell him, that, by his licence, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Realm. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras, *with the Army.*

Enter

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Enter Hamlet, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *&c.*

Ham. Good Sir, whoſe Powers are theſe?
Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.
Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?
Capt. Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.
Ham. Who commands them, Sir?
Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.
Ham. Goes it againſt the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for ſome frontier.
Capt. Truly to ſpeak it, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats——five, I would not farm it;
Nor will I yield to *Norway*, or the *Pole*.
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the *Polack* never will defend it.
Capt. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.
Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats,
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th' impoſthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Capt. God b' w' ye, Sir.
Roſ. Will't pleaſe you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you ſtrait, go a little before.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull-revenge? what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure, he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To ruſt in us unus'd. Now whether it be

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Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward:) I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do;
Sith, I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me;
Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Ev'n for an egg-ſhell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When Honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
(Excitements of my reaſon and my blood)
And let all ſleep? while, to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men;
That for a fantaſy and trick of fame
Go to their Graves like beds; fight for a Plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O, then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a Palace.

Enter Queen, Horatio, *and a Gentleman.*

Queen. I Will not ſpeak with her.
Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed, diſtract; her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen.

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Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i' th' world; and hems and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought;
Tho' nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strow
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in.——

Queen. To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each Toy seems prologue to some great Amiss;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia, *distracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of *Denmark?*

Queen. How now, *Ophelia?*

Oph. *How shall I your true Love know from another one?*
By his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon.
[Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady; what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He's dead and gone, lady, he's dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.

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Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia*——
Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded all with ſweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true love ſhowers.

King. How do ye, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, God yield you! they ſay the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!
King. Conceit upon her father.
Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they aſk you what it means, ſay you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's *day, all in the morn betime,*
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his clothes, and do'pt the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia!*
Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity,
Alack, and fie for ſhame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By Cock, they are to blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder ſun,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long has ſhe been thus?
Oph. I hope, all will be well. We muſt be patient;

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tient; but I cannot chuſe but weep, to think, they ſhould lay him i' th' cold ground; my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my coach; good-night, ladies; good-night, ſweet ladies; good-night, good-night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe, give her good watch, I pray you; [*Exit* Horatio.

This is the poiſon of deep grief; it ſprings
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude!*
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in Battalions. Firſt, her father ſlain;
Next your Son gone, and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt Remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholeſome in their thoughts and whiſpers,
For good *Polonius'* death; (We've done but greenly,
In private to inter him;) poor *Ophelia,*
Divided from herſelf, and her fair judgment;
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beaſts:)
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France:*
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death;
Wherein neceſſity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude,* this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death! [*A noiſe within.*

Queen. Alack! what Noiſe is this?

SCENE VI.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. WHERE are my *Switzers?* let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Meſ. Save yourſelf, my lord.

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The ocean, over-peering of his liſt,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every ward;
They cry, "Chuſe we *Laertes* for our King!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds;
"*Laertes* ſhall be King, *Laertes* King!"

Queen. How chearfully on the falſe trial they cry!
Oh, this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogs.

[*Noiſe within.*

Enter Laertes, *with a Party at the Door.*

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! ſtand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*

Laer. I thank you, keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me baſtard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaſte and unſmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks ſo giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, *Gertrude.*
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King.

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King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come, what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world;
And for my means, I'll huſband them ſo well.
They ſhall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*,
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
(That ſweep-ſtake) you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rendring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſible in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A noiſe within.* "Let her come in.]

Laer. How now, what noiſe is that?

SCENE VII.

Enter Ophelia, *fantaſtically dreſs'd with ſtraws and flowers.*

Oh heat, dry up my brains! tears, ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye!

By

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By heav'n, thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
'Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of *May!*
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia!*
O heav'ns, is't poſſible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
* Nature is fall'n in love; and where 'tis fall'n,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,*
And on his Grave remains many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Had'ſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade Revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, down a-down, and you call him a-down-a. O how the weal becomes it! it is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and there's pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it herb of grace o' *Sundays:* you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daiſy; I would give you ſome violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought and affliction, paſſion, hell itſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

* *Nature is* fine *in love; and where 'tis* fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.] This is unqueſtionable corrupt. I ſuppoſe *Shakeſpear* wrote,
Nature is fall'n *in love, and where 'tis* fall'n. *Warb.*

Oph.

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Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his ſoul!
And of all chriſtian ſouls! God b' w' ye.
[*Exit* Ophelia.

Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods!

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,
No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall:
And where th' offence is, let the great tax fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Horatio, *with an attendant.*

Hor. WHAT are they, that would ſpeak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir; they ſay, they have letters for you

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Hor.

Hor. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.

Sail. He ſhall. Sir, an't pleaſe him.—There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter

HORATIO, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chaſe. Finding ourſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant they got clear of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldeſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am.* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern *hold their courſe for* England. *Of them I have much to tell thee, farewel.*

He that thou knoweſt thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for theſe your letters;
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. NOW muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,

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And you muſt put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father ſlain,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly where ſtirr'd up?

King. Two ſpecial reaſons,
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
And yet to me are ſtrong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almoſt by his looks; and for myſelf,
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which,)
She's ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoul,
That, as the ſtar moves not but in his ſphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows,
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms,
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections——But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your ſleeps for that; you muſt not think,
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhall ſoon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love ourſelf,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—
How now? what news?

Enter

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Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Letters, my lord, from *Hamlet*.
Theſe to your Majeſty: this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? who brought them?

Meſ. Sailors, my lord, they ſay; I ſaw them not:
They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes*, you ſhall hear them: leave us, all—
[*Exit Meſ.*

HIGH and Mighty, you ſhall know, I am ſet naked on your Kingdom. To-morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your kingly eyes. When I ſhall, (firſt aſking your pardon thereunto,) recount th' occaſion of my ſudden return.
Hamlet.

What ſhould this mean? are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe——and no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s character;
Naked, and (in a poſtſcript here, he ſays)
Alone: can you adviſe me?

Laer. I'm loſt in it, my lord: but let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.

King. If it be ſo, *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo?—how, otherwiſe?——
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I, ſo you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of Blame ſhall breathe;
But ev'n his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer.

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Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather, if you could deviſe it ſo,
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of ſince your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* Hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they ſay, you ſhine; your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.
Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds
* Importing wealth and graveneſs.——Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy;*
I've ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt the *French,*
And they can well on horſe-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo far he top'd my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman,* was't?
King. A *Norman.*
Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond.*
King. The ſame.
Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence;

* *Importing* health *and graveneſs.*——] *Shakeſpear* wrote,
Importing Wealth *and graveneſs*——
i. e. that the Wearers are Rich Burgers and Magiſtrates.

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And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a Sight indeed, [tion,
If one could match you. The Scrimers of their na-
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd 'em——Sir, this Report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aſk you this? [father,

King. Not that I think, you did not love your
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I ſee in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
For goodneſs growing to a pleuriſy,
Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpend-thrift's ſign
That hurts by eaſing; but to th' quick o' th' ulcer—
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To ſhew yourſelf your father's Son indeed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' church.

King. No place indeed, ſhould murder ſanctuariſe;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this? keep cloſe within your chamber;
Hamlet, return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame

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The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiſs,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword unbated, and in a paſs of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpoſe I'll anoint my ſword:
I bought an unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all Simples that have virtue
Under the Moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our ſhape. If this ſhould fail, [ance,
And that our drift look through our bad perform-
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proof. Soft—let me ſee—
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't——when in your motion you are hot,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce: whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there.

SCENE X.

Enter Queen.

How now, ſweet Queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So faſt they follow: your ſiſter's drown'd, *Laertes.*

Laer.

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Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aſlant a Brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream
There with fantaſtic garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
(That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name to;
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;)
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herſelf
Fell in the weeping brook; her clothes ſpread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs;
Or like a creature native, and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Lear. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; Nature her cuſtom holds,
Let Shame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my lord!
I have a ſpeech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Gertrude:*
How much had I to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again;
Therefore, let's follow. *Exeunt.*

ACT

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ACT V. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter two Clowns, with ſpades and mattocks.

1 CLOWN.

IS ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, ſhe is, therefore make her Grave ſtraight; the crowner hath ſat on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned herſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, tis found ſo.

1 *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be elſe. For here lies the Point; if I drown myſelf wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; It is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal*, ſhe drown'd herſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver.*

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lies the water, good: here ſtands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf. *Argal*, he, that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't, crowner's queſt-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity, that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than their even chriſtian. Come, my ſpade; there is no ancient gentelmen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2 *Clown*

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2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman;

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt, that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſays, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf——

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhip-wright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are aſk'd this queſtion next, ſay a grave-maker. The houſes, he makes, laſt 'till doomsday: go, get thee to *Youghan*, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs, and ſings,

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very ſweet;
To contract, oh, the time for, a, my behove,
Oh, methought, there was nothing ſo meet.

Ham.

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Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at Grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it to him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clown ſings.

But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had never been ſuch.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were *Cain*'s jaw-bone, that did the firſt murder! this might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courter, which could ſay, good-morrow, ſweet lord; how doſt thou, good lord? this might be my lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my lord ſuch a one's horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en ſo: and now my lady *Worm*'s chapleſs, and knockt about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown ſings.

A pick-axe and a ſpade, a ſpade
For,——and a ſhrouding ſheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

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Ham. There's another: why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his caſes? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breath of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-ſkins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-ſkins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow: Whoſe Grave's this, Sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir——

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed, for thou lieſt in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't and ſay, 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, and not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham.

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Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One, that was a woman, Sir; but reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is? we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, *Horatio*, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and ſent into *England.*

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into *England*?

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Ham. Why, here, in *Denmark.* I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year; a tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And

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your water is a ſore decayer of your whoreſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whoreſon mad fellow's it was; whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Haratio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now; your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that—Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think, *Alexander* look'd o' this faſhion i' th' earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo, puh? [*Smelling to the Scull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio!* why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, 'till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot: But to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it;

as

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as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?
Imperial *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expel the winter's flaw!
But ſoft! but ſoft a while—here comes the King,

SCENE II.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and a coffin, with Lords, and Prieſts, attendant.*

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarſe, they follow, did with deſperate hand
Foredo its own life; 'twas of ſome eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a moſt noble youth: mark—

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Prieſt. Her obſequies have been ſo far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful;
And but that great Command o'er-ſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd
'Till the laſt Trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is * allow'd her virgin chants,
Her maiden-ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Muſt no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done!
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem*, and ſuch Reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.

* —*allow'd her virgin* rites,] The old Quarto reads *Virgin* Crants, evidently corrupted from *Chants*, which is the true Word.

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Laer. Lay her i'th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia!*

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewel!
I hop'd, thou should'st have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms;
[Laertes *leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blue *Olympus.*

Ham. [*discovering himself.*] What is he, whose griefs
Bear such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[Hamlet *leaps into the Grave.*
Hamlet the *Dane.*

Laer. The Devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat———
For though I am not splenitive and rash;
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder———

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet———

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The attendants part them.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen.

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Queen. Oh my ſon! what theme?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia;* forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. O, he is mad, *Laertes.*
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. Come, ſhew me what thou'lt do. [ſelf?
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faſt? woo't tear thy-
Woo't drink up * eiſel, eat a crocodile?
I'll do't—Doſt thou come hither but to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her; and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground,
Singeing his pate † againſt the burning Sun,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
Queen. This is mere madneſs;
And thus a while the Fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove.
E'er that her golden couplets are diſclos'd
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, Sir——
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter——
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray you, good *Horatio,* wait upon him.
[*Exit* Hor.
Strengthen your patience in your laſt night's ſpeech.
[*To* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrude,* ſet ſome watch over your ſon:
This Grave ſhall have a living Monument.
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

* *Eiſel.*] Vinegar.
† ——*againſt the burning* Zone,] We ſhould read, *Sun.*

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Changes to a HALL, *in the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. SO much for this, now shall you see the other.
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes; Rashness
(And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know;
Or indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold
(my fears forgetting manners) to unseal
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact Command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
With, ho! such buggs and goblins in my life;
That on the supervize, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villains,
(Ere I could mark the prologue to my Bane
They had begun the Play:) I sat me down,

Devis'd

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Devis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it, as our Statiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that Learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them, like the palm, might flouriſh,
* As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
And ſtand a Commere 'tween their amities;
And many ſuch like *As's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's Signet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeal:
I folded the Writ up in form of th' other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changling never known; now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was frequent
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So *Guildenſtern* and *Roſincrantz* go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment———
They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
Doth by their own inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes

* *As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear.*
And ſtand a Comma *'tween their amities;*] But the placing her as a *Comma*, or Stop, between the *Amities* of two Kingdoms, makes her rather ſtand like a Cypher. The Poet without doubt wrote,
And ſtand a Commere *'tween their amities.*
The term is taken from a Traficker in love, who brings People together, a Procureſs.

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Between the pafs, and fell incenfed points,
Of mighty oppofites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'ft thou, ftand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with fuch cozenage; is't not perfect confcience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It muft be fhortly known to him from *England*,
What is the iffue of the bufinefs there.

Ham. It will be fhort.
The *Interim*'s mine; and a man's life's no more
Than to fay, one.
But I am very forry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot myfelf;
For by the image of my cauſe I fee
The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour;
But, fure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring paffion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. YOUR lordfhip is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Doft know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy ftate is the more gracious: for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a beaft be lord of beafts, and his crib fhall ftand at the Kings meſſe; 'tis a chough: but, as I fay, fpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr.

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Ofr. Sweet lord, if your lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit: your bonnet to his right uſe,—— 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry, and hot, * or my complexion——

Ofr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very ſultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how:——My lord, his Majeſty bid me ſignify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter——

Ham. I beſeech you, remember——

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe, in good faith: — Sir, here is newly come to Court *Laertes*; believe me, an abſolute Gentleman, full of moſt excellent Differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhew: indeed, to ſpeak feelingly of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry; for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, tho' I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but flow neither in reſpect of his quick ſail: But, in the veriety of extolment, I take him to be a Soul of great article; and is infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his Semblable is his mirrour; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Ofr. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The Concernancy, Sir?—Why do we wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?

[*To* Horatio.

Ofr. Sir,——

* for *my complexion.*] This is not *Engliſh.* The old Quarto reads, or *my Complexion*—— And this is right.

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Hor. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, rarely.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Oſr. Of *Laertes?*

Hor. His purſe is empty already: all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Oſr. I know, you are not ignorant, ——

Ham. I would, you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.——Well, Sir.

Oſr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himſelf.

Oſr. I mean, Sir, for his weapon; but in the Imputation laid on him by them in his Meed, he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of the weapons; but well.

Oſr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt the which he has impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers, and ſo: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I know you muſt be edified by the Margent, e'er you had done. [*Aſide.*

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on; ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt ſix *French* ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the

French

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French bet againſt the *Daniſh*; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Oſr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a Dozen Paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer, no?

Oſr. I mean, my lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; If it pleaſe his Majeſty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him if I can; if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himſelf, there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. * He did compliment with his dug before he ſuck'd it: thus has he (and many more of the ſame breed, that, I know, the droſſy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, † a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fann'd and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

* *He* did ſo, Sir, *with his dug*, &c.] What, run away with it? The Folio reads, *He did* comply *with his Dug*. So that the true Reading appears to be, *He did* compliment *with his Dug*.

† *a kind of* yeſty *collection, which carries them through and through the moſt* fond *and winnowed opinions;*] The Matopher is ſtrangly mangled by the Intruſion of the word *Fond*, which undoubtedly ſhould be read *Fann'd;* the Alluſion being to Corn ſeperated by the Fan from Chaff and Duſt.

Enter

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Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majeſty commended him to you by young *Oſrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the Hall; he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the King's pleaſure; if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready, now, or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen deſires you to uſe ſome gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo; ſince he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds. But thou wouldeſt not think how ill all's here about my heart—but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, my good lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it. I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come: the readineſs is all. * Since no man, of ought he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and lords,* Oſrick, *with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flaggons of wine on it.*

King. COME *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me. *Ham.*

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Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* never, *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* does it not; *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd Evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement;
'Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice, and president of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love, like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes;* in mine Ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkest night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Osrick.*
Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham.

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Ham. Well, my lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker ſide.
King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.
Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well; theſe foils have all a length. [*Prepares to play.*
Oſr. Ay, my good lord.
King. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* gives the firſt, or ſecond, Hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath:
And in the cup an Union ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s Crown have worn. Give me the cups:
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The Trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*.—Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, Sir.
Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One——.
Laer. No——
Ham. Judgment.
Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well—— again——
King. Stay, give me Drink. *Hamlet,* this Pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets ſound, Shot goes off.*
Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while.
[*They play.*
Come—another hit— what ſay you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.
King. Our ſon ſhall win.
Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.

Here

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Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam,——
King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
King. It is the poiſon'd cup, it is too late. [*Aſide.*
Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
[*Aſide*
Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you but dally;
I pray you, paſs with your beſt violence;
I am afraid you make a Wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in ſcuffling, they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come again——
Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't, my lord?
Oſr. How is't, *Laertes*?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſpringe, *Oſrick*;
I'm juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink——
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,——
I am poiſon'd—— [*Queen dies.*
Ham. Oh villany! ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out——
Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*, thou art ſlain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treach'rous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated

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Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too?
Then venom do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treason, treason.
King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink of this potion: is the Union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is justly served
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgivness with me, noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio;* wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell Serjeant death
Is strict in his arrest) oh, I could tell you——
But let it be— *Horatio*, I am dead;
Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it.
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heav'n, I'll have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and shout within.*
What warlike noise is this?

SCENE

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SCENE VI.

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. YOUNG *Fortinbras*, with Conqueſt come from *Poland*,
To the Ambaſſadors of *England* gives
This warlike volly.
Ham. O, I die, *Horatio*:
The potent poiſon quite o'er-grows my ſpirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.
But I do propheſy, th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents more or leſs,
Which have ſolicited.—The reſt is ſilent. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; good-night, ſweet Prince;
* And flights of angels wing thee to thy Reſt!
Why does the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, *and* Engliſh *Ambaſſadors, with drum colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If aught of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries—on havock. Oh proud death!
What feaſt is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?
Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs, that ſhould give us hearing;
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſincrantz* and *Guildenſtern* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?

* *And flights of angels* ſing *thee to thy Reſt!*] We ſhould certainly read, *And flights of Angels* wing *thee to thy Reſt.*

Hor.

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Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the *Polack* Wars, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd; give Order, that theſe bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th' yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe;
And, in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook,
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the Nobleſs to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I imbrace my fortune;
I have ſome rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which, now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, leſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet*, like a ſoldier, to the Stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally. And for his paſſage,
The Soldiers, muſic, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him——
Take up the body: ſuch a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot.

[*Exeunt, marching: after which a peal of Ordnance is ſhot off.*

OTHELLO

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OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR of *VENICE*.

Dramatis

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Brabantio, *a noble* Venetian.
Gratiano, *Brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *Kinſman to* Brabantio *and* Gratiano.
Othello, *the Moor, General for the* Venetians *in* Cyprus.
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant-General.*
Iago, *Standard-bearer to* Othello.
Rodorigo, *a fooliſh Gentleman, in love with* Deſdemona.
Montano, *the Moor's Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

Deſdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.
Æmelia, *Wife to* Iago.
Bianca, *Curtezan, Miſtreſs to* Caſſio

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Sailors and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the Firſt Act, in* Venice; *during the reſt of the Play, in* Cyprus.

OTHELLO,

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*OTHELLO**,

The Moor of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in VENICE.

Enter Rodorigo *and* Iago,

RODORIGO.

THUS, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who haſt had my purſe,
As if, the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know of this—
Iago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Deſpiſe me,
If I do not. Three Great ones of the City,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worſe a Place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſe,
Evades them with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with epithets of war,
And, in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my meditators. "Certers, ſays he,
"I have already choſe my officer."
And what was he?

* *Othallo, the More of* Venice.] The ſtory is taken from *Cynthio's* Novels. *Mr. Pope.*

Forſooth

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Forſooth, a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio;*—(" a *Florentine*'s
" A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;—)"
That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter; but the bookiſh theoric,
Wherein the toged conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he; mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip—he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
Chriſtian and heathen, muſt be let and calm'd
By *Debitor* and *Credior*, this *Counter-caſter;*
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I (God bleſs the mark!) his Moor-ſhip's Ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Perferment goes by letter and affection,
Not (as of old) gradation, were each ſecond
Stood heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be judge your ſelf,
If I in any juſt term am aſſign'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. " You ſhall mark
" Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
" That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
" Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
" For nought but provender; and when he's old, caſhier'd;
" Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves——Others there are,
" Who trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
" Keep yet their heart attending on themſelves;
" And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
" Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats, " Do

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Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago:*
In following him, I follow but my ſelf,
Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty:
But, ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I ſeem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus?

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poiſon his delight;
Proclaim him in the ſtreets, incenſe her kinſmen;
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
"As when, by night and negligence, the fire
"Is ſpred in populous cities."

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!* oh.

Iago. Awake! what, oh! *Brabantio!* oh! thieves! thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

SCENE II.

Brabantio *appears above, at a window.*

Bra. WHAT is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

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Iago. Are all doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore aſk you this?

Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for ſhame, put on your Gown;

Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a grandfire of you.
Ariſe, I ſay.

Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?

Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*

Bra. The worſe welcome;

I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madneſs
Being full of ſupper and diſtemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*:

My houſe is not a grange.

Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoul, I come to you.

Iago. Zounds! Sir you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the Devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians; you'll have your daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horſe, you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germanes.

Bra.

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Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o' th' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a *Gundalier*,
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſaucy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the ſenſe of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,
Of here and every where; ſtraight ſatisfy yourſelf.
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;——call up all my people;——
This accident is not unlike my Dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light!

Iago. Farewel; for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholeſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I ſtay, I ſhall)
Againſt the Moor. For I do know, the State,

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However this may gall him with ſome check,
Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus'* wars,
Which ev'n now ſtand in act, that, for their ſouls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their buſineſs. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love:
(Which is, indeed, but ſign.) That you may ſurely find him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raiſed ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Brabantio, *and ſervants with torches.*

Bra. IT is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is;
* And what's to come of my deſpited time,
Is nought but bitterneſs. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, ſaidſt thou? who would be a father?
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? oh, ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought —— What ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers——
Raiſe all my kindred——are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven! how gat ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
By what you ſee them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed. [her;

Bra. Call up my brother: oh, 'would you had had

* *And what's to come of my* deſpiſed *time,*] Why deſpiſed Time? We ſhould read——deſpited *time. i. e.* vexatious.

Some

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Some one way, ſome another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think, I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt; get weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to another STREET, *before the* Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and attendants with Torches.*

Iago. THO' in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o'th' conſcience
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me ſervice.——Nine or ten times
I thought to've yerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. It's better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour;
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you faſt married? for, be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what reſtraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t'enforce it on)
Will give him capable.
Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that Boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate) I fetch my Life and Being

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From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbonnetting, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder?

SCENE V.

Enter Cassio *with torches.*

Iago. THOSE are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.
My parts, my title and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Janus*, I think, no.

Oth. The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant:
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste, appearance,
Ev'n on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels:
And many of the Consuls rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for.
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit* Othello.

Cas.

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Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Iago. He's married.

Caſ. To whom?

Iago. Marry to—Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

SCENE VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with officers and torches.*

Iago. IT is *Brabantio:* General, be adviſ'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! ſtand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief! [*They draw on both ſides.*

Iago. You, *Rodorigo!* come, Sir, I am for you—

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt 'em.
Good Signior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhun'd
*The wealthy culled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?

* *The wealthy* curled *darlings of this nation.*] We ſhould read *culled*, *i. e.* ſelected, choſen. *Shakeſpear* uſes this Word very frequently.

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Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weaken Notion.——I'll have't diſputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him; If he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To anſwer this your charge?

Bra. To priſon, 'till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied;
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the State
To bring me to him?

Offi. True, moſt worthy ſignior,
The Duke's in Council; and your noble ſelf,
I'm ſure, is ſent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in Council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The Duke himſelf,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves, and Pagans, ſhall our Stateſmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE VII.

Changes to the Senate House.

Duke and Senators, ſet at a table with lights, and attendants.

Duke. THERE is no compoſition in theſe news,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed they are diſproportion'd;
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven Gallies.
Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred;
But though they jump not on a juſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence;) yet do they all confirm
A *Turkiſh* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment;
I do not ſo ſecure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful ſenſe.
[*Sailors within.*] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailors.

Offi. A meſſenger from the Gallies.
Duke. Now!——what's the buſineſs?
Sail. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State.
Duke. How ſay you by this change?
1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no aſſay of reaſon. 'Tis a pageant,
To keep us in falſe gaze; when we conſider
Th'importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let ourſelves again but underſtand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion bear it;
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,

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We muſt not think the *Turk* is ſo unſkilful,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes.*

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due courſe toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet——

1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought; how many, as you gueſs?

Meſſ. Of thirty ſail; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward *Cyprus.* Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant Servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*: *Marcus Luccicos*,
Is he not here in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence.*

Duke. Write from us, to him, poſt, poſt-haſte, diſpatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant *Moor.*

SCENE VIII.

To them, Enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. VALIANT *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior:
To Braban.
We lack'd your counſel, and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your Grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me: For my particular grief

Is

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Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill itſelf.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter! —

Sen. Dead?——

Bra. To me;
She is abus'd, ſtolen from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature ſo propoſterouſly to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans Witchcraft could not———

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the State-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We're very ſorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you ſay to this?
To Othel.

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſignors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' Pith,
'Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;

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And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at itſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on—
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs, Perfection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt teſt,
Than theſe thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern Seeming do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen.* But, *Othello*, ſpeak;
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Truſt, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither.

[*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth.

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Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place. [*Exit* Iago.
And 'till she come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello.*

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth spaces in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it, all my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle, [heav'n,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch
* It was my hent to speak; such was the process;
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi;* and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. All these to hear
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse; which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,

* *It was my* hint *to speak;*] This implies it as done by a Trap laid for her: But the old Quarto reads *hent*, i. e. use, custom.

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When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore, in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful———
She wiſh'd, ſhe had not heard it; — yet ſhe wiſh'd,
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man: ——— ſhe thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

SCENE IX.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I Think, this tale would win my daughter too--
Good *Brabantio*,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt.
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you muſt owe obediance?

Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You're the lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my huſband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;

So

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So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee That with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your ſake, jewel,
I'm glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeak like yourſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which, as a griſe, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour——
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile;
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the ſentence, and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.—
Beſeech you, now to the affairs o' th' State.

Duke. The *Turk* with a moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus: Othello*, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. And though we have there a

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ſubſtitute

ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you; you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
T' aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, *Deſdemona*?

Def. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence to forms, my fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rights, for which I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport,
By his dear abſenſe. Let me go with him.

Oth.

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Oth. Your voices, lords; beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my defunct and proper Satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good ſouls, that you think,
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,
For ſhe is with me.—No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd inſtruments,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs;
Let houſewifes make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Or for her ſtay or going; th' affair cries haſte;
And ſpeed muſt anſwer. You muſt hence to-night.

Def. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honeſty and truſt,)
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo;
Good-night to every one. And, noble Signior,
If virtue no belighted beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, uſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit* Duke, *with Senators*

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Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the beſt advantage.
Come, *Deſdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Manent Rodorigo *and* Iago.

Rod. IAGO———

Iago. What ſayeſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkeſt thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myſelf.

Iago. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

Rod. It is fillineſs to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown myſelf for the love of a *Guinney*-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs, it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in ourſelves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettuce; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either have it ſteril with idleneſs, or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. If the balance of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs our natures

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tures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But we have reaſon, to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a ſect, or ſyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyſelf? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profeſt me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs. I could never better ſteed thee than now. Put money in thy purſe; follow thou theſe wars; *diſſeat thy favour with an uſurped beard; I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purſe—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration,—put but money in thy purſe.—Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purſe with money. The food, that to him now is as luſcious as loches, ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as a coloquintida. When ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the errors of her choice.—She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put money in thy purſe.—If thou wilt needs damn thyſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an errant *Barbarian* and a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and

* defeat *thy favour,*] We ſhould read, *deffeat* thy favour. *i. e.* turn it out of its Seat, change it for another. *Warb.*

again

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again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewel. Do you hear, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go ſell all my land. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Manet Iago.

Iago. GO to, farewel, put money enough in your purſe——

Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I ſhould time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office. I know not, if't be true——
But I, for mere ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well——
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him;
Caſſio's a proper man: let me ſee now;——
To get his place, and to plume up my Will,
A double knavery—How? how?— let's ſee——
After ſome time, t' abuſe *Othello*'s ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife——
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo;

And

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And will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
As aſſes are:
I have't — it is ingendred — Hell and Spite
Muſt bring this monſterous birth to the worlds light.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Capital of CYPRUS.

Enter Montano *Governor of* Cyprus, *and Gentlemen.*

MONTANO.

WHAT from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Deſcry a ſail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortiſe? what ſhall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the *Turkiſh* fleet;
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chiding billows ſeem to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fired pole;
I never did like moleſtation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkiſh* fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impoſſible to bear it out.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* NEWS, lords, our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A noble ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of the fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A *Veronessa*; *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heav'ns he be:
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the main and th' aeriel blue
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. THANKS to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'ns Give

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Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.
Mont. Is he well ſhipp'd?
Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
Within] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!
Caſ. What noiſe?
Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' th' ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a ſail.
Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the Governor.
Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy:
Our friends, at leaſt.
Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*
Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in terreſtrial veſture of creation.
Do's bear all excellency———

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?
Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.
Caſ. H'as had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed;
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds;
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,
(Traitors enſteep'd to clog the guiltleſs keel;)
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting ſafe go by
The divine *Deſdemona*.
Mont. What is ſhe?
Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great Captain's Captain,

Left

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Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard!
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort———

SCENE V.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ship is come on shore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—how lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But hark, a sail!

Within.] A sail, a sail!

Gent. They give this greeting to the Citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome mistress,
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago.

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Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep;
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your houſewifery, and houſewives in your beds!

Deſ. O, fie upon thee, ſlanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turk*;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iago. No, let me not.

Deſ. What would'ſt thou write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Deſ. Come, one aſſay. There's one gone to the harbour——

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Deſ. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe; ——
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks out brains and all. But my muſe labours, and thus ſhe is delivered.

If ſhe be fair and wiſe, fairneſs and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Deſ. Well prais'd; how if ſhe be black and witty?

Iago. *If ſhe be black, and thereunto have a wit,*
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.

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Def. Worſe and worſe.

Æmil. How, if fair and fooliſh?

Iago. *She never yet was fooliſh, that was fair;*
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.

Def. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Iago. *There's none ſo foul and fooliſh thereunto,*
But does foul pranks, which fair and wiſe ones do.

Def. Oh, heavy ignorance! thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? one that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice itſelf?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever ſuch wight were)—

Def. To do what?

Iago. *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*

Def. O moſt lame and impotent concluſion! do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy huſband. How ſay you, *Caſſio*, is he not a moſt profane and liberal councellor?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home, Madam; you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier, than in the ſcholar.

Iago. [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well ſaid—whiſper—With as little a web as this, will I enſnare

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enſnare as great a fly as *Caſſio*. Ay, ſmile upon her, do — I will gyve thee in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo, indeed.—If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good—well kiſs'd, and excellent courteſy—'tis ſo, indeed.—Yet again—your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clifter-pipes for your ſake. [*Trumpet.*
The Moor,——I know his trumpet.

Caſ. 'Tis truly ſo.

Def. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caſ. Lo, where he comes!

SCENE VI.

Enter Othello *and Attendants.*

Oth. O H my fair warrior!

Def. My dear *Othello!*

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. O my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! if I were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy: for, I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Def. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould increaſe,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen, to that ſweet Prayer!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be [*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!

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Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now; but I'll let down the pegs that make this muſic, as honeſt as I am.

[*Aſide.*

Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongſt them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou the maſter to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect. Come, *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

SCENE VII.

Manent Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. DO you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt valiant; (as, they ſay, baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them)—liſt me; the liutenant to-night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee, this *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible?

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies. And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the Devil? when the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be again to inflame it, and to give Satiety a freſh appetite, lovelineſs in favour, ſympathy in years,

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years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane Seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection; a slippery and subtil knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsom, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent complete knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Bless'd pudding! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust; and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, *Rodorigo!* when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes to the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish——But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by

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ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourable miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in choler; and, happily, may ſtrike at you, Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cauſe thoſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by tranſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them: And the impediments moſt profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Manet Iago.

Iago. THAT *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe: That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Deſdemona* A moſt dear huſband. Now I love her too, Not out of abſolute luſt, (though, peradventure, I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin;) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do ſuſpect, the luſty Moor Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof Doth, like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards, And nothing can, or ſhall, content my ſoul, 'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife: Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor

At

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At laſt into a jealouſy ſo ſtrong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do
If this poor brach of *Venice*, whom I cheriſh
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moor in the rank garb;
(For I fear *Caſſio* with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs;
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here——but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

The STREET.

Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. IT is *Othello*'s pleaſure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the mere perdition of the *Turkiſh* fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph: ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his mind leads him. For, beſides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleaſure, ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, 'till the bell have told eleven. Bleſs the iſle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello!*

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good *Michael*, look you to the guard to-night,
Let's teach ourſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. Iago hath direction what to do:
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.

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Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt:
Michael, good-night. To-morrow, with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good-night. [*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome, *Iago*; we muſt to the Watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock. Our General caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona*: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Jove*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caſ. Indeed, ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe has? methinks, it founds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Caſ. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happineſs to their ſheets: come lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of the black *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to-night, good *Iago*; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wiſh, courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too: and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

Iago.

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Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [*Exit* Cassio.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young mistress' dog:——
Now, my sick fool, *Rodorigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,)
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my Deem,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

SCENE X.

Enter Cassio, Montano, *and gentlemen.*

Cas. 'FORE heav'n, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago *sings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A soldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a span;
Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Cas.

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Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*: where, indeed, they are moſt potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*,—Drink, ho! —are nothing to your *Engliſh*.

Caſ. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet *England*.

King Stephen *was an a worthy peer,*
His breeches coſt him but a crown;
He held them ſix pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does thoſe things. Well——Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo do I too, lieutenant.

Caſ. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.

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Forgive our ſins——gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Ancient; this is my right-hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why, very well then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Manent Iago *and* Montano.

Mont. TO the platform, maſters; come, let's ſet the Watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction. And do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear, the truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo!*
I pray you, after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit* Rod.

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a Place as his own Second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;

It

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It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland;
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noiſe?

[*Within*] Help! help!

Re-enter Caſſio, *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Caſ. A knave teach me my duty! I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me——

Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Caſ. Drunk?—— [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I ſay, go out and cry a mutiny.
[*Exit* Rodorigo.
Nay, good lieutenant—Alas, gentlemen——
Help, ho!—Lieutenant—Sir—*Montano*——
Help, maſters! here's a goodly watch, indeed——
Who's that, who rings the bell——diablo, ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The town will riſe. Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold:
You will be ſham'd for ever.

SCENE XII.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. WHAT is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant——Sir—*Montano*——
Gentlemen—— *Iago.*

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Have you forgot all ſenſe of place and duty?
The General ſpeaks to you—hold, hold, for ſhame—
Oth. Why, how now, ho? from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks*? and to ourſelves do That,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*?
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He, that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honeſt *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them for bed; and then, but now——
(As if ſome planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I can't ſpeak.
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds,
And 'would, in action glorious I had loſt
Thoſe legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.
Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civil:
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted; and your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.
Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night,
Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometimes a vice,

And

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And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.

Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule;
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment choler'd,
Aſſays to lead the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who ſet it on;
And he; that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twin'd with me both at a birth,
Shall loſe me.—What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domeſtic quarrel?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of ſafety?
'Tis monſtrous. Say *Iago*, Who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs then truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.

Iago. Touch me not ſo near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it ſhould do offence to *Michael Caſſio*:
Yet I perſuade myſelf to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and myſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Caſſio* following with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman
Steps in to *Caſſio*, and intreats his pauſe;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath, which 'till to-night
I ne'er might ſay before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them cloſe together
At blow and thruſt; even as again they were,

When

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When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the best sometimes forget;
Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him, that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.——

Enter Desdemona *attended.*

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, Sweeting, come to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.
Lead him off.
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Manent Iago *and* Cassio.

Iago. WHAT, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! *Iago*, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought, you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more

sense

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ſenſe in That than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man,——there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk, and ſpeak? Parrot, and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow? oh thou invincible ſpirit of wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caſ. It has pleas'd the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen: but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will aſk him for my place again; he ſhall tell

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tell me, I am a drunkard!—had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our general's wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint, between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cas. Good-night, honest *Iago.* [*Exit* Cassio.

SCENE

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SCENE XIV.

Manet Iago.

Iago. AND what's he then, that ſays, I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the courſe
To win the Moor again. For 'tis moſt eaſy
Th' inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the God
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counſel *Caſſio* to this parallel courſe,
Directly to his Good? Divinity of Hell!
When Devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heav'nly Shews,
As I do now.——For while this honeſt fool
Plies *Deſdemona* to repair his fortune,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this peſtilence into his ear,
That ſhe repeals him for her body's luſt:
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into Pitch;
And out of her own goodneſs make the net,
That ſhall enmeſh them all. How now, *Rodorigo!*

SCENE XV.

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I Do follow here in the chaſe, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almoſt ſpent; I have been to-night

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night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the iſſue will be, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains; and ſo with no money at all, and a little more wit, return a gain to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees;
Thou know'ſt, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſhier'd *Caſſio*.
Tho' other things grow fair againſt the Sun,
Yet fruits, that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe:
Content thyſelf a-while. In troth, 'tis morning:
Pleaſure and action make the hours ſeem ſhort.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done;
My Wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her miſtreſs:
I'll ſet her on: ———
Myſelf, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Caſſio* find
Soliciting his Wife,—ay, that's the way:
Dull not, Device, by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before OTHELLO's *Palace*.

Enter Caſſio, *with Muſicians*.

CASSIO.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid, good-morrow, General.

[*Muſic plays; and enter* Clown *from the Houſe*.

Clown.

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Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been in *Naples*, that they speak i'th' nose thus?

Mus. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind-instument that I know. But, Masters, here's money for you: and the General so likes your music, that he desires you for love's sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: But, as they say, to hear music, the General does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, and hye away. Go, vanish into air, away.

[*Exeunt* Musicians.

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: for the gentlewoman, that attends the General's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit Clown.*

Cas. Do, my good friend.

To him, enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke, before we parted, I have made bold to send in to your wife;
My suit is, that she will to *Desdemona*
Procure me some access.

Iago.

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Iago. I'll ſpend her preſently;
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will, ſure, be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it:
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly. The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*.
And great affinity; and that in wiſdom
He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts, he loves you;
And needs no other ſuitor, but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Caſ. Yet I beſeech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With *Deſdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.

Caſ. I'm much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. THESE letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate;
That done, I will be walking on the Works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. My good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, *and* Æmilia.

Des. BE thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do: I know, it grieves my husband
As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow; doubt not, *Cassio*,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love my lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and watersh diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy Place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Cassio*'s suit: therefore be merry, *Cassio*;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago, *at diſtance.*

Æmil. MADAM, here comes my lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Def. Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Def. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Iago. Hah! I like not that.———
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſſio*, parted from my wife?
Iago. Caſſio, my lord?—no, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I believe, 'twas he.
Def. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Def. Why, your lieutenant *Caſſio*. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation make.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Def. I, ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet *Deſdemona;* ſome other time.
Def. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner, Sweet, for you.
Def. Shall't be to-night at ſupper?
Oth. Not to-night.

Def.

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Def. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meet the Captains at the citadel.
Def. Why then to-morrow night, or *Tueſday* morn,
Or *Tueſday* noon, or night, or *Wedneſday* morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that, they ſay, the wars muſt make examples
Out of their beſt,) is not almoſt a fault
T'incur a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me, *Othello.* I wonder in my ſoul,
What you would aſk me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mutt'ring on? what? *Michael Caſſio!*—
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? truſt me, I could do much——
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Def. Why, this is not a boon:
* 'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your cloths,
Or feed on nouriſhing meats, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myſelf.
Def. Shall I deny you? no: farewel, my lord.
Oth. Farewel, my *Deſdemona*, I'll come ſtrait.
Def. *Æmilia,* come; be, as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

* *'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your* Gloves,] We ſhould read *Cloths.* *Warb.*

SCENE

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SCENE V.

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. EXCELLENT Wretch! —— Perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord, ——

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago?*

Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt: why doſt thou aſk?

Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago?*

Iago. I did not think, he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that?
Is he not honeſt?

Iago. Honeſt, my lord?

Oth. Honeſt? ay, honeſt.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What doeſt thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!——

Oth. Think, my lord! why, by heav'n, thou echo'ſt me;
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, *thou lik'dſt not that*,——
When *Caſſio* left my Wife. What didſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing; thou cry'dſt, *indeed?*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain

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Some horrible conceit, if thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know, I love you.
Oth. I think thou doeſt:
And for I know, thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more.
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem knaves!
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why, then, I think, *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all ſlaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts!— Why, ſay, they're vile and falſe;
As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets and law-days, and in ſeſſions ſit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beſeech you,
Think I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,

(As,

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(As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpy into abuſe; and oft my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,
From one that ſo imperfectly conjects,
Your wiſdom would not build yourſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattering and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of That, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealouſy;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth moc
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. O miſery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
Good heaven! the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſy?

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To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſuffolate and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe make more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Iago*,
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealouſy

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*;
Wear your eye, thus: not jealous, nor ſecure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n ſee the pranks,
They dare not ſhew their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iago. Go to then;
She, that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak——
He thought, 'twas witchcraft——but I'm much to blame:

I humbly

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I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.
Iago. I ſee, this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Truſt me, I fear, it has;
I hope, you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But I do ſee, you're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo, my lord,
My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile Succeſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Caſſio*'s my worthy friend.
My lord, I ſee, you're mov'd——
Oth. No, not much mov'd——
I do not think, but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf——
Iago. Ay, there's the point;——as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things Nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her; tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, ſo repent.
Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'obſerve. Leave me, *Iago*.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—

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This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, then he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your Honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place,
For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in That. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have to fear, I am;)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Manet Othello.

Oth. THIS fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much——
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her. Oh the curſe of marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uſe. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe;

'Tis,

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'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death.
Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. *Deſdemona* comes!

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, oh, then heav'n mocks itſelf:
I'll not believ't.

Def. How now, my dear *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlanders,
By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Def. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[*She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Def. I am very ſorry, that you are not well.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I Am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it. But ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't *Iago*; what he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy.

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Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?
Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing——
Æmil. Ha?
Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Æmil. What Handkerchief?——
Why, That the Moor firſt gave to *Deſdemona*;
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.
Iago. Haſt ſtolen it from her?
Æmil. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up:
Look, here 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, give it me.
Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been
ſo earneſt
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*
Æmil. If 't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.
Iago. Be not you known on't
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me— [*Exit* Æmilia.
I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſons:
Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.——I did ſay ſo.

SCENE

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SCENE VIII.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy Sirups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet Sleep,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.

Oth. Avent! be gone! thou'st set me on the rack:
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours or lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well; was free, and merry;
I found not *Cassio*'s kisses on her lips:
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,
(pioneers and all,) had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh, farewel!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s Occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure, thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,

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Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't; or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord——

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorſe;
On horrors head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add.
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul? or ſenſe?
God be w' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſterous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ſtay——thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt——

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes what it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think, my wife is honeſt; and think, ſhe is not;
I think, that thou art juſt; and think, thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh
As *Dian*'s viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure't——'Would, I were ſatisfied!

Iago. I ſee, Sir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my lord?
Would you be ſuperviſor, groſly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?

Oth.

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Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them then,
If ever mortal Eyes do ſee them bolſter,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But ſince I'm enter'd in this cauſe ſo far,
Prick'd to't by fooliſh honeſty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.———
There are a kind of men, ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Caſſio:*
In ſleep I heard him ſay, Sweet *Deſdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry—Oh ſweet creature! and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh and kiſs, and then
Cry, Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.

Oth. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion.

Iago. 'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.
And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

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Iago. Nay, but be wiſe; yet we *ſee* nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet.—Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.

Iago. I know not that; but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I'm ſure, it was your wife's,) did I to day,
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that———

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge.
Now do I ſee, 'tis time.——Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone;———
Ariſe black vengeance, from th' unhallow'd cell!
Yield up, oh Love, thy crown and parted throne
To tyrannous Hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpicks' tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood—— [change.

Iago. Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may

Oth. Never, *Iago*. Like the *Pontic* Sea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontic*, and the *Helleſpont*:
Even ſo my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a ſacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words——

Iago. Do not riſe yet: [Iago *kneels.*
Witneſs, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements, that clip us round about!
Witneſs, that ere *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To

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To wrong'd *Othello*'s service. Let him command,
* And to obey, shall be in me. Remord
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio*'s not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your request. But, let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx! oh, damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.—

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Æmilia, *and Clown.*

Des. DO you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lies?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clown. He's a soldier; and for me to say, a soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out; and be edified by report?

* *And to obey, shall be in me* remorse,
What bloody business ever,] Thus the old Copies, but evidently wrong. We should read, *remord*, i. e. however the Business he sets me upon may shock my Honour and Humanity, yet I promise to go thro' with it, and obey without reserve. *Warb.*

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Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and bid them anſwer.

Deſ. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compaſs of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[*Exit Clown.*

Deſ. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Deſ. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Deſ. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Deſ. I will not leave him now, 'till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

SCENE X.

Enter Othello.

Oth. WELL, my good lady. Oh, hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona*?

Deſ. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moiſt, my Lady.

Deſ. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moiſt——this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a ſtrong and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels; 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Deſ.

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Def. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand. The hands of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Def. I cannot ſpeak of this; come, now your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe, chuck?
Def. I've ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeak with you.
Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry Rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Def. Here, my Lord,
Oth. That, which I gave you.
Def. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?———
Def. No, indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, ſubdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his ſpirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did ſo; and take heed on't:——
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To loſe't, or give't away, where ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.
Def. Is't poſſible?
Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the webb of it:
A *Sybill*, that had numbered in the world
The Sun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetic fury ſow'd the Work:
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of Maidens' hearts.
Def. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.

Def.

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Def. Then would to heav'n, that I had never ſeen't!
Oth. Ha? wherefore?
Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?
Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out o'th' way?
Def. Bleſs us!——
Oth. Say you?
Def. It is not loſt; but what, an if it were?
Oth. Ha!
Def. I ſay, it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.
Def. Why, ſo I can, Sir; but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my ſuit,
Pray you, let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief——my mind miſgives——
Def. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Def. A man, that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Def. Infooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away!—— [*Exit* Othello.

SCENE XI.

Manent Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Æmil. IS not this man jealous?
Def. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year, or two, ſhews us a man:
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they're full,
They belch us. Look you! *Caſſio*, and my huſband.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And lo, the happineſs! go and importune her.

Def.

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Def. How now, good *Caſſio*, what's the news with you?

Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit. I do beſeech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love;
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That not my ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſom me into his love again;
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit.
So ſhall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut myſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms.

Def. Alas! thrice-gentle *Caſſio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt;
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech? you muſt a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for myſelf I dare. Let That ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the Devil, from his very arm
Puft his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Manent Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and* Caſſio.

Def. I Pr'ythee, do ſo.—Something, ſure, of State,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made

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Made here demonſtrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit; and, in ſuch caſes,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n ſo.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a ſenſe
Of pain. Nay, we muſt think, Men are not Gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
As fits the bridal. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandſome wrangler, as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n, it be
State-matter, as you think; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Deſ. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cauſe.

Æmil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for a cauſe;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monſter
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.

Deſ. Heav'n keep that monſter from *Othello*'s mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Deſ. I will go ſeek him. *Caſſio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek t' effect it to my uttermoſt.

Caſ. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia *at one door;* Caſſio, *at the other.*

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the Street before the Palace.

Re-enter Caſſio, *meeting* Bianca.

Bian. 'SAVE you, friend *Caſſio*.

Caſ. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair *Bianca*?
Indeed, ſweet Love, I was coming to your houſe.

Bian.

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Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Caſſio.*
What? keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eightſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!

Caſ. Pardon me, *Bianca:*
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſt;
But I ſhall in a more convenient time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca,*
[*Giving her* Deſdemona's *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh *Caſſio,* whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt abſence now I feel a cauſe:
Is't come to this? well, well.

Caſ. Go to, woman:
Throw your vile gueſſes in the Devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance?
No, in good troth, *Bianca.*

Bian. Why, whoſe is it?

Caſ. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Caſ. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Caſ. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night?

Caſ. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll ſee you ſoon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Court before the PALACE.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago.

IAGO.

WILL you think ſo?

Oth. Think ſo, *Iago?*

Iago. What, to kiſs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs?

Iago. Or to be naked with a friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſy againſt the Devil:
They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The Devil their virtue tempts not; they tempt heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief———

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.

Oth. She is propertied of her honour too;
May ſhe give That?

Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But for the handkerchief——

Oth. By heav'n, I would moſt gladly have forgot it;
Thou ſaid'ſt,—ho, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the Raven o'er th' infected houſe,
Boading to ill,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not ſo good now.

Iago. What if I ſaid, I'd ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, (as knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,

Convinc'd

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Convinc'd or ſuppled them, they cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.)

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Why, that he did —— I know not what he did——

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her——what you will——

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! lie with her! that's fulſom: handkerchief—confeſſions—handkerchief—handkerchief — to confeſs, and be hang'd for his labour——Firſt, to be hang'd, and then——to confeſs! — I tremble at it—Nature would not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing without ſome induction. It is not words, that ſhake me thus—piſh——noſes, ears, and lips——is't poſſible!——confeſs! —— handkerchief! — oh devil— [*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſte Dames even thus,
All guiltleſs, meet reproach. What hoa! my lord!
My lord, I ſay, *Othello.*——

SCENE II.

Enter Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio?*

Caſ. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fell into an Epilepſy,
This is the ſecond Fit; he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by

Breaks

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Breaks out to ſavage madneſs: look, he ſtirs.
Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you. [*Exit* Caſ.
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Doſt thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
'Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.
Iago. There's many a beaſt, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter
Oth. Did he confeſs it?
Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lie in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dear ſwear peculiar. Your caſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a Wanton in a ſecure couch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine yourſelf but in a patient liſt.
While you were here, o'er-whelmed with your grief,
(A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man,)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſes on your ecſtaſy;
Bad him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourſelf,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago and when,
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;
Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all in ſpleen,

And

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And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doſt thou hear, *Iago?*
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But, doſt thou hear, moſt bloody?
Iago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws.*
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A houſewife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and cloth. It is a creature,
That dotes on *Caſſio;* as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter.—Here he comes——

SCENE III.

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh jealouſy muſt conſtrue
Poor *Caſſio*'s ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?
Caſ. The worſer, that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.
Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't;
Now, if this ſuit lay in *Bianca*'s power, [*Speaking lower.*
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?
Caſ. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look, how he laughs already. [*Aſide.*
Iago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.
Caſ. Alas poor rogue, I think, indeed, ſhe loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.
[*Aſide.*
Iago. Do you hear *Caſſio?*
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to, well ſaid, well ſaid. [*Aſide.*
Iago. She gives it out that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it!

Caſ.

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Caſ. Ha. ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Rogue? do you triumph? [*Aſide.*

Caſ. I marry her!—What? a cuſtomer? pr'ythee, bear ſome charity to my wit, do not think it ſo unwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, ſo: they laugh, that win. [*Aſide.*

Iago. Why, the Cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, ſay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcor'd me? well. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the ſtory. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. She was here even now: ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck——

Oth. Crying, Oh dear *Caſſio*, as it were: his geſture imports it. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, ſo ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Now he tells, how ſhe pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. Well I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'TIS ſuch another fitchew! marry a perfum'd one:
What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Dam haunt you! what did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me

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me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I muſt take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome minx's token, and I muſt take out the work? there—give it your hobby-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca*? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief. [*Aſide.*

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.——

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, come, will you?

Iago. Go to, ſay no more.

SCENE V.

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. HOW ſhall I murder him, *Iago*?

Iago. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*!——

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife——She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing——A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget That.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to-night;

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night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand—Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature. She might lie by an Emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is——so delicate with her needle.——An admirable musician.——Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle condition!——

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.
But yet the pity of it, *Iago*——Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*.——

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night; I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, *Iago*!

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in bed,
Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker:
You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good:—What Trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from *Venice*, sure. 'Tis *Lodovico*
Come from the Duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

SCENE

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SCENE VI.

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants, from the Palace.*

Lod. SAVE you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the Senators of *Venice* greet you. [*Gives him a letter.*

Oth. I kiſs the Inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the news, good Couſin *Lodovico?*

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, ſignior.
Welcome to *Cyprus.*

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Caſſio?*

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Deſ. Couſin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that? [*Aſide.*

Deſ. My lord?——

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will—— [Reads.

Lod. He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is their diviſion 'twixt my lord and *Caſſio?*

Deſ. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to *Caſſio.*

Oth. Fire and brimſtone!

Deſ. My lord!

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Deſ. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him.
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his Government.

Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Deſ. My lord! [*Aſide.*

Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Deſ. Why, ſweet *Othello?*

Oth. Devil! — [*Striking her.*

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Def. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I should swear, I saw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop, she falls, would prove a crocodile:
Out of my sight—

Def. I will not stay t' offend you. [*Going.*

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,—

Def. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient: as you say, obedient;
Very obedient——proceed you in your tears——
Concerning this, Sir,—oh well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home——get you away,
I'll send for you anon,——Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*.——Hence, avant!——
Exit Desdemona.
Cassio shall have my Place. And, Sir, to-night I
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*——
Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Lodovico, *and* Iago.

Lod. IS this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? this the Nature,
Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The

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The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither raze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He's what he is? I may not breathe my cenſure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven, he were!
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; yet 'would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I'm ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have ſeen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and her together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What? did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o'th' way?

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Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her maſk, nor nothing?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's ſtrange!

Æmil. I durſt, my lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte and true,
There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit Æmilia.*
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet lock and key of villanous ſecrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray: I've ſeen her do't

SCENE IX.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. MY lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Deſ. What is your pleaſure?

Oth. Let me ſee your eyes; look in my face.

Deſ. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs;
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door,
Cough, or cry, hem, if any body come.
Your miſtery, your miſtery;——nay, diſpatch,
Exit Emilia.

Deſ. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth Why? what art thou?

Deſ. Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.

Oth.

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Oth. Come, ſwear it; damn thyſelf; leſt, being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themſelves ſhould fear to ſeize thee.
Therefore be double-damn'd; ſwear, thou art honeſt.
Def. Heav'n doth truly know it.
Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my lord?
With whom? how am I falſe?
Oth. Ah, *Deſdemona!* away, away, away——
Def. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of theſe tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But, alas to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow unmoving finger at——
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence;
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in: Turn thy complexion thence,
Patience, thou young, and roſe-lip'd cherubin;
I here look grim as hell.
Def. I hope, my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.
Oth. Oh, ay, as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing.

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O, thou bale weed, why art ſo lovely fair?
Thou ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet that the ſenſe akes at thee.
'Would, thou hadſt ne'er been born!

Def. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?
Committed?——oh, thou public commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cynders burn up modeſty,
Did but I ſpeak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hallow mine of earth,
And will not hear't. What committed?—Impudent Strumpet!

Def. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?

Def. No, as I am a chriſtian.
If to preſerve this Veſſel for my lord
From any other, foul, unlawful, Touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.

Oth. Is't poſſible?

Def. Oh, heav'n forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*——

SCENE X.

Enter Æmilia.

You, Miſtreſs,
That have the office oppoſite to St. *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our courſe, there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counſel. [*Exit Æmil.*

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Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive? How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Def. Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Def. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my lord, madam?

Def. Who is thy lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Def. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*.
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Def. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion of my least misuse?

SCENE XI.

Enter Iago *and* Æmilia.

Iago. WHAT is your pleasure, Madam? how is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell; those, that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Def. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Def. Such, as, she said, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

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Def. I do not know; I'm ſure, I am none ſuch.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!
Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Def. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beſhrew him for't! how comes this trick upon him?
Def. Nay, heav'n doth know.
Æmil. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſy and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not deviſ'd this ſlander; I'll be hang'd elſe.
Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.
Def. If any ſuch there be, heav'n pardon him!
Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones?
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelyhood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the eaſt to th' weſt!
Iago. Speak within door.
Æmil. Oh fie, upon them! ſome ſuch 'ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without;
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Def. Alas, *Iago*,
What ſhall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel;
[*Kneeling.*

If

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If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed:
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't ſay, *whore*;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the State do's him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Deſ. If 'twere no other,——

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper!
The meſſenger of *Venice* ſtays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.
[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmelia.

SCENE XII.

Enter Rodorigo, *to* Iago.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doſt'ſt me with ſome device, *Iago*; and rather, as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniency, than ſuppleſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſuaded to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

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Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have waſted myſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to *Deſdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votariſt. You have told me, ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is ſcurvy, and begin to find myſelf fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myſelf known to *Deſdemona*: If ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſolicitation: if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now——

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing, but what, I proteſt, intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I ſee, there's mettle in thee; and even from this inſtant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou haſt That in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever, (I mean, ſuppoſe, courage, and valour) this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Iago.

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Iago. Sir, there is ſpecial Commiſſion come from *Venice* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Deſdemona*, unleſs his abode be lingred here by ſome accident: Wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello*'s Place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourſelf a profit and a right. He ſups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time; and the night grows to waſte. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I Do beſeech you, Sir, trouble yourſelf no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

Deſ. Your honour is moſt welcome.

Oth.

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Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh, *Deſdemona!*——

Deſ. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th'inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith; diſmiſs your attendant there; look, it be done. [*Exit.*

Deſ. I will, my lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Deſ. He ſays, he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.

Æmil. Diſmiſs me?

Deſ. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly Wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I would, you had never ſeen him!

Deſ. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,
(Pr'ythee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid thoſe ſheets, you bad me, on the bed.

Deſ. All's one: good father! how fooliſh are our minds?
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, ſhroud me
In one of theſe ſame ſheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Deſ. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; and he, ſhe lov'd, forſook her,
And ſhe proved mad: She had a ſong of *willow*,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That ſong to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide.
And ſing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee, diſpatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Deſ. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil.

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Æmil. A very handſom man.

Deſ. he ſpeaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in *Venice* would have walk'd barefoot to *Paleſtine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Deſ. *The poor ſoul ſat ſinging by a ſycamore-tree,*
Sing all a green willow: [Singing.
Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The freſh ſtream ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones;
Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow, &c.
(Pr'ythee, hye thee, he'll come anon.)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland,
Let no body blame him, his ſcorn I approve.

Nay that's not next—Hark, who is it that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Deſ. *I call'd my love falſe love; but what ſaid he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone, good-night; mine eyes do itch, Doth that boad weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there. men!

Deſ. I have heard it ſaid ſo; ſo theſe men, theſe Doſt thou in conſcience think, tell me, *Æmilia*, That there be women do abuſe their huſbands In ſuch groſs kind?

Æmil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Deſ. Wouldſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Deſ. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light. I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Deſ. Wouldſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing, It is a great price, for a ſmall vice.

Deſ. In troth, I think, thou wouldſt not.

Æmil.

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Æmil. In troth, I think, I ſhould; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint-ring, nor for meaſures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world; why who would not make her huſband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venter purgatory for't.

Deſ. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Deſ. I do not think, there is any ſuch woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as Would ſtore the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their huſbands' faults,
If wives do fall: ſay, that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;
Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint on us; or ſay, they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former Having in deſpight;
Why, we have galls, and tho' we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them; they ſee and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour,
As huſbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it ſport?
I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth: is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſports? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them uſe us well; elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.

Deſ. Good-night, good-night; heaven me ſuch uſes ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad? but by bad, mend! [*Exe.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before the Palace.

Enter Iago *and* Rodorigo.

IAGO.

HERE, ſtand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us: think to That,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take thy ſword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath given me ſatisfying reaſons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my ſword: he dies.
[*Stands apart.*

Iago. I've rubb'd this young Gnat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio.*
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona.*
It muſt not be.——If *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in peril;
No, he muſt die. Be it ſo; I hear him coming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I konw his gait; 'tis he: villain, thou dieſt.
He runs at Caſſio, *and wounds him.*

Caſ.

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Caſ. That Thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt:
I will make proof of thine.

[*Fight.* Iago *cuts* Caſſio *behind in the Leg, and* exit.
[*Then* Rodorigo *and* Caſſio *fall.*

Rod. Oh, I am ſlain.

Caſ. I'm maim'd for ever; help, hoa! murder, murder!

SCENE II.

Enter Othello *above at a Window.*

Oth. THE voice of *Caſſio*,—*Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. Oh, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even ſo.

Caſ. Oh, help, oh! light! a ſurgeon!——

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honeſt and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teacheſt me——Minion, your Dear lies dead;
And your fate hyes apace.——Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, thoſe charms, thine eyes, are blotted:
Thy bed, luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted. *Exit* Othello.

SCENE III.

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano, *at a diſtance.*

Caſ. WHAT, ho! no watch? no paſſage? murder, murder!

Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the voice is very direful.

Caſ. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: let's think't unſafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter

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Enter Iago, *in his ſhirt, with a Light and Sword.*

Lod. Hark——

Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries out murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Caſ. Here, here: for heav'n's ſake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The ſame, indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?

Caſ. Iago? oh I'm ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Caſ. I think, that one of them is hereabout;
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in, and give ſome help.
To Lod. *and* Gra.

Rod. Oh, help me there.

Caſ. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous ſlave! oh villain!
[Iago *ſtabs him.*

Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be theſe bloody thieves?
How ſilent is this town? ho, murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico?*——

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy? here's *Caſſio*, hurt by villains.

Gra. Caſſio?

Iago.

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Iago. How is't, brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. WHAT is the matter, hoa, who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear *Caſſio*,
My ſweet *Caſſio*, oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio!*
Iago. O notable ſtrumpet! *Caſſio*, you may ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I'm ſorry to find you thus:
I have been to ſeek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So——Oh for a chair
To bear him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio!*
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this Traſh
To be a party in this Injury.
Patience a while, good *Caſſio*; come, come:
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman
Rodorigo? no: Yes, ſure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo.*
Gra. What, of *Venice?*
Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ah!
Iago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you, *Caſſio?* oh, a chair, a chair.
Gra. Rodorigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh, that's well ſaid, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll

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I'll fetch the General's ſurgeon. For you, miſtreſs,
Save you your labour. He that lies ſlain here, *Caſſio*,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. What, look you pale?—oh, bear him out o'th' air.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, miſtreſs?
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye? [*To* Bian.
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs
Will ſpeak, though tongues were out of uſe.

SCENE V.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. ALAS, what is the matter? What is the matter, huſband?
Iago. *Caſſio* hath there been ſet on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that hath 'ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlain, and *Rodorigo* dead.
Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Caſſio!*
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring—Pray, *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to-night.
What, do you ſhake at that? [not.
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake
Iago. Ho, did he ſo? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh ſie upon thee, ſtrumpet!
Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's ſee poor *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another tale.
Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore?——This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt, Iago *following*.

SCENE

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SCENE VI.

A Bed-chamber: Deſdemona *is diſcovered aſleep in her Bed.*

Enter Othello, *with a Light and a Sword.*

Oth. IT is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul;—
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte Stars!
It is the cauſe.——Yet I'll not ſhed her Blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter:
[*Lays down the Sword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die; elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light?—
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethian* heat.
That can thy light re-lumine.— [*Sets down the taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs muſt wither——I'll ſmell thee on the tree;
[*Kiſſing her.*
Oh balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice to break her ſword!—One more; one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.——One more, that's the laſt;
So ſweet, was ne'er ſo fatal! I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: this Sorrow's heav'nly;
It ſtrikes, where it doth love.——She wakes——

Deſ. Who's there? *Othello?*

Oth. Ay, *Deſdemona.*

Deſ. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Deſdemona?*

Deſ. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourſelf of any crime

Unrecon-

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Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.
Def. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by That?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit,
No, (heav'ns forefend!) I would not kill thy ſoul.
Def. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Def. Then heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you ſay ſo, I hope, you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I fear you! for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl ſo. Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy ſins.
Def. They're Loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for That thou dy'ſt.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame;
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo, what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt *Caſſio*.
Def. No, by my life and ſoul: ſend for the man,
And aſk him.
Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Preſently;
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the ſtrong conception
That

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That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Def. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. I ſay, amen.

Def. And have you mercy too! — I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heav'n, I ſaw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh pejur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart;
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice.
I ſaw the handkerchief.

Def. He found it then;
I never gave it him; ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.

Oth. He hath confeſt.

Def. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee —

Def. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Def. He will not ſay ſo.

Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.

Def. My fear interprets then — What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.

Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?

Def. Oh baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, ſtrumpet.

Def. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive —

Def. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.

Def. But while I ſay one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He ſmothers her.*

SCENE

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SCENE VII.

Æmilia, at the door.

Æmil. MY lord, my lord! what hoa! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noiſe is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.

Æmil. within.] What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*—by and by—ſhe's dead.
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s death;
The noiſe was high.—Ha, no more moving?
Still as the Grave. Shall ſhe come in? were't good?
I think, ſhe ſtirs again—No——what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll, ſure, ſpeak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh inſupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of Sun, and Moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration——

Æmil. I beſeech you,
That I may ſpeak with you. Oh, good my lord!—

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh, come in, *Æmilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

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Oth. It is the very error of the Moon;
She comes more near the Earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.
Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?
Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. Oh falsely, falsely murder'd!—
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, hoa! help! oh lady, speak again;
Sweet *Desdemona!* oh, sweet mistress, speak.
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?
Des. No body, I myself, farewel;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh, farewel.
[*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Æmil. Alas! who knows!
Oth. You heard her say, herself, it was not I.
Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I, that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh, the more Angel she, and you the blacker Devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a Devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh, she was heav'nly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did tup her; ask thy husband else.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Æmil. My husband!

Oth.

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Oth. Thy husband.
Æmil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with *Cassio:* had she been true,
If heav'n would make me such another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Æmil. My husband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My husband!
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say, thy husband. [love.
Æmil. Oh mistress! villany has made mocks with
My husband say, she was false!
Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband; dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago.*
Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Hah!———
Æmil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'st done a deed——
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives——Help! help, hoa; help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder, murder!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others,*

Mon. WHAT is the matter? how now, General?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago?* you have done well,

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That men muſt lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man;
He ſays, thou toldſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know, thou didſt not; thou'rt not ſuch a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie; an odious, damned, lie:
Upon my ſoul, a lie; a wicked lie.
She falſe with *Caſſio*? did you ſay, with *Caſſio*?

Iago. With *Caſſio*, miſtreſs; go to, charm your tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to ſpeak;
My miſtreſs lies here murder'd in her bed.

All. Oh heav'ns forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have ſet the murder on.

Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.

Mont. Oh monſtrous act!

Æmil. Villany! villany! villany!
I think upon't—I think—I ſmell't—Oh villany!
I thought ſo then; I'll kill myſelf for grief;——
Oh villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello *falls on the bed.*

Æmil, Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt Innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh, ſhe was foul! [*Riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, Uncle; there lies your Niece,
Whoſe

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Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtop'd;
I know, this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor *Diſdemona!* I'm glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turn;
Yea, curſe his better Angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* had the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it;
And ſhe did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly Powers!
Iago. Come hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out——I, peace!
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.
Iago: Be wiſe, and get you home.
Æmil. I will not. [Iago *offers to ſtab his wife.*
Gra. Fie, your ſword upon a woman?
Æmil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my huſband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to ſuch a trifle)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.
Iago. Villanous whore!
Æmil. She give it *Caſſio?* alas, I found it,
And I did give't my huſband.
Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.
Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?

Iago

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Iago *breaks through and wounds his wife, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heav'n?
For what then ſerves the thunder? precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; ſure he has kill'd his wife.
Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mont. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* Mont. *and* Gra.

SCENE IX.

Oth. I Am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword.
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. what did thy Song bode, lady?
Hark, canſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſic; *Willow, Willow, Willow*——
Moor, ſhe was chaſte; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia *dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a ſword of *Spain*, the *Ebro*'s temper;
Oh, here it is: Uncle, I muſt come forth.
Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain

Upon

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Upon a ſoldier's thigh. I've ſeen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I've made my way thro' more impediments,
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain boaſt!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.
Be not afraid, tho' you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my Butt,
The very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear:
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now———how doſt thou look now? oh ill-ſtarr'd
Wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! When we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heav'n,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl,
Ev'n like thy chaſtity. O curſed ſlave!
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heav'nly ſight;
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire——
Oh *Deſdemona! Deſdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

SCENE X.

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio *led in wounded*, Montano, *and* Iago *priſoner, with Officers.*

Lod. WHERE is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was *Othello:* here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet; but That's a fable.
If that thou be'ſt a Devil, I cannot kill thee,
[Othello *wounds* Iago.

Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not ſorry, neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.

Lod.

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Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that waſt once ſo good,
Fall'n in the practice of a curſed ſlave,——
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murd'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death?
Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you Cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Rodorigo*,
And here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Oh villain!
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh and moſt groſs!
Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Rodorigo meant t' have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and ſatisfy'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelf confeſt it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,

Which

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Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in *Rodorigo*'s letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your Pow'r and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I've done the State some service, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
* Like the base *Judian* threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*

* *Like the base* Indian *threw a pearl away*] The oldest Quarto reads, *Judian*, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant *Herod*, whose Usage to *Mariamne* is so opposite to the Speaker's Case that a more proper Instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the Subject of Tragedy at that Time, as appears from the Words in *Hamlet*, where an ill Player is described,

——*to out-herod* Herod.

I took

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Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus. [*Stabs himself.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but this, [*To Desdemona.*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* dog! [*To* Iago.
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poisons sight,——
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you. To you, lord Governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
Myself will straight aboard; and to the State
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

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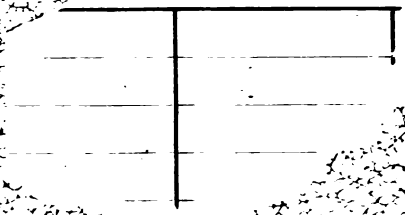

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